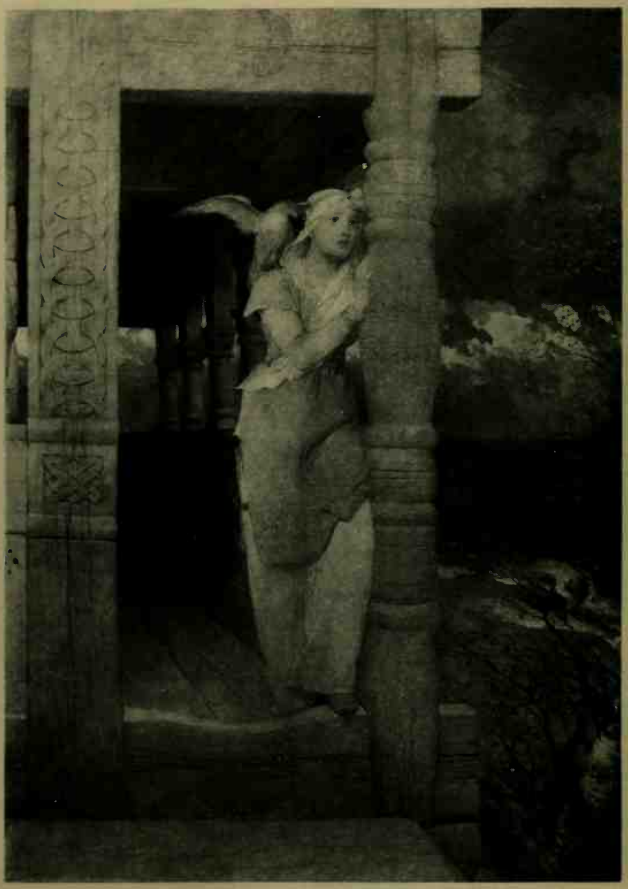

THE WORKS OF

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

VOLUME FOUR

POETICAL WORKS

VOLUME ONE

EARLIER POEMS
TRANSLATIONS
THE SPANISH STUDENT

"Should not the dove so white follow the Sea-Mew's flight,
why did they leave that night her nest unguarded ?"

ILLUSTRATED

THE NOTTINGHAM SOCIETY
NEW YORK :: PHILADELPHIA :: CHICAGO

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THE SPANISH STUDENT AND
OTHER POEMS

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THE WORKS OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

EDITED BY

CHARLES WELSH

VOLUME IV

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EDITORIAL NOTE

As nearly as practicable the poetical works of Longfellow are presented in this, and the two following volumes in the order in which they were originally published, with brief bibliographical and literary notes prefixed to each long poem or group of poems.

There is one little feature in these notes which may escape general attention, but which is of eloquent significance, and enables one to trace the constant and steady growth of Longfellow's popularity. The number printed of the first edition of each of his works is recorded, and it will be seen that from a few hundred copies of "Voices of the Night" the number increased until when "Tales of a Wayside Inn" was first printed, twice the number of thousands as of hundreds were necessary to supply the demand.

The editor has also appended a few notes throughout at the foot of the pages which it is hoped may be helpful to the reader; he has of course left intact the notes which the author himself felt it was necessary to give at the end of each of his little volumes. A great number of the former consist of Bible references; so thoroughly was the mind of Longfellow per-

meated with "the spirit and the letter also" of the Book of Books that his writings are suffused with the one, and abound with the other, and they take for granted a familiarity with the Bible which one cannot but regret is not so common in our day as it was when the poet lived and wrote.

If anything were wanted to prove the popularity of Longfellow as the poet of the household, the number of his poems which have been set to music and sung in every home, as well as in public, in America and England, and overseas wherever English-speaking people are to be found, would more than suffice. Among the footnotes are references to the various musical settings of his works which have been published. It is hardly possible that all have been included, but all that careful search could discover have been noted.

To attempt any critical estimate of the poetical work of Longfellow would at this time be a work of supererogation, if not an impertinence. His place in the literary firmament is fixed for all time—the voices of the critics and the voices of the people, most powerful of all, have acclaimed him as America's greatest bard, and have placed him on the highest pinnacle of fame. For many years in England next to those of Shakespeare and Tennyson, the works of Longfellow

had by far the largest sale of any other poet, and in the British Museum Catalogue the number of entries relating to Tennyson are 487, to Longfellow 357, and then a long way after follows Browning with 179—a severe and inexorable test of popularity—and the catalogue of the translations of Longfellow's works into other languages still further attests the vast extent of his fame. But surer than all other testimony is the fact that Longfellow lives in the hearts of the people, and above all in the hearts of the children.

The few and simple words of appreciation scattered throughout the editorial notes have been ventured upon with much timidity, but the strong sense of it would not down,—for the writer has lived with, and loved, his Longfellow all his days, even when he, in common with so many thousands of his fellow boys and men in England, never realized that Longfellow was an American poet so thoroughly had he become their own, and now he is proud as an American citizen to lay this tribute at the feet of "him who uttered nothing base."

CHARLES WELSH.

Winthrop, Mass.
January, 1909.

JUVENILIA

EDITORIAL NOTE

The following poems which were never included in any of Longfellow's own collections of his works have been rescued from the various newspapers, magazines and other publications in which they first appeared.

As to Longfellow's wisdom in excluding them the reader must judge, but they are at least interesting as showing the early working of the poet's mind, and his earliest efforts at poetic expression.

THE BATTLE OF LOVELL'S POND

This, said to be Longfellow's first poem, written at the age of fourteen, appeared in the *Portland Gazette,* November 17, 1820.

COLD, cold is the north wind and rude is the blast,
That sweeps like a hurricane loudly and fast,
As it moans through the tall waving pines lone and drear,
Sighs a requiem sad o'er the warrior's bier.

The war-whoop is still, and the savage's yell
Has sunk into silence along the wild dell;
The din of the battle, the tumult, is o'er,
And the war-clarion's voice is now heard no more.

The warriors that fought for their country, and bled,
Have sunk to their rest; the damp earth is their bed;
No stone tells the place where their ashes repose,
Nor points out the spot from the graves of their foes.

They died in their glory, surrounded by fame,
And Victory's loud trump their death did proclaim;
They are dead; but they live in each Patriot's breast,
And their names are engraven on honor's bright crest.

HENRY.

TO IANTHE

From the *Portland Advertiser,* August 28, 1824.

WHEN upon the western cloud
Hang day's fading roses,
When the linnet sings aloud
And the twilight closes,—
As I mark the moss-grown spring
By the twisted holly,
Pensive thoughts of thee shall bring
Love's own melancholy.

Lo, the crescent moon on high
Lights the half-choked fountain;
Wandering winds steal sadly by
From the hazy mountain.
Yet that moon shall wax and wane,
Summer winds pass over—
Ne'er the heart shall love again
Of the slighted lover!

When the russet autumn brings
  Blighting to the forest,
Twisted close the ivy clings
  To the oak that's hoarest;
So the love of other days
  Cheers the broken-hearted;
But if once our love decays
  'T is for aye departed.

When the hoar-frost nips the leaf
  Pale and sear it lingers,
Wasted in its beauty brief
  By decay's cold fingers;
Yet unchanged it ne'er again
  Shall its bloom recover;—
Thus the heart shall aye remain
  Of the slighted lover.

Love is like the songs we hear
  O'er the moonlit ocean;
Youth, the spring-time of a year
  Passed in Love's devotion!
Roses of their bloom bereft
  Breathe a fragrance sweeter;
Beauty has no fragrance left
  Though its bloom is fleeter.

Then when tranquil evening throws
  Twilight shades above thee,
And when early morning glows,—
  Think on those that love thee!

For an interval of years
  We ere long must sever,
But the hearts that love endears
  Shall be parted never.

THANKSGIVING

From *The United States Literary Gazette*, November 15, 1824.

WHEN first in ancient time, from Jubal's tongue
  The tuneful anthem filled the morning air,
To sacred hymnings and elysian song
His music-breathing shell the minstrel woke.
Devotion breathed aloud from every chord:—
The voice of praise was heard in every tone,
And prayer, and thanks to Him the eternal one,
To Him, that with bright inspiration touched
The high and gifted lyre of heavenly song,
And warmed the soul with new vitality.
A stirring energy through Nature breathed:—
The voice of adoration from her broke,
Swelling aloud in every breeze, and heard
Long in the sullen waterfall,—what time
Soft Spring or hoary Autumn threw on earth
Its bloom or blighting,—when the Summer smiled,

Or Winter o'er the year's sepulchre mourned.
The Deity was there!—a nameless spirit
Moved in the breasts of men to do him homage;
And when the morning smiled, or evening pale
Hung weeping o'er the melancholy urn,
They came beneath the broad o'erarching trees,
And in their tremulous shadow worshipped oft,
Where pale the vine clung round their simple altars,
And gray moss mantling hung. Above was heard
The melody of winds, breathed out as the green trees
Bowed to their quivering touch in living beauty,
And birds sang forth their cheerful hymns. Below,
The bright and widely wandering rivulet
Struggled and gushed amongst the tangled roots,
That choked its reedy fountain,—and dark rocks
Worn smooth by the constant current. Even there
The listless wave, that stole with mellow voice
Where reeds grew rank on the rushy-fringed brink,
And the green sedge bent to the wandering wind,
Sang with a cheerful song of sweet tranquillity.
Men felt the heavenly influence;—and it stole
Like balm into their hearts, till all was peace;

And even the air they breathed,—the light they
saw,—
Became religion,—for the ethereal spirit
That to soft music wakes the chords of feeling,
And mellows everything to beauty,—moved
With cheering energy within their breasts,
And made all holy there,—for all was love.
The morning stars, that sweetly sang together:—
The moon, that hung at night in the mid-sky;—
Dayspring,—and eventide;—and all the fair
And beautiful forms of nature, had a voice
Of eloquent worship. Ocean with its tides
Swelling and deep, where low the infant storm
Hung on his dun, dark cloud, and heavily beat
The pulses of the sea,—sent forth a voice
Of awful adoration to the spirit,
That, wrapt in darkness, moved upon its face.
And when the bow of evening arched the east,
Or, in the moonlight pale, the curling wave
Kissed with a sweet embrace the sea-worn beach,
And soft the song of winds came o'er the waters,
The mingled melody of wind and wave
Touched like a heavenly anthem on the ear;
For it arose a tuneful hymn of worship.
And have *our* hearts grown cold? Are there on
earth
No pure reflections caught from heavenly
light?—
Have our mute lips no hymn,—our souls no
song?—

Let him that in the summer-day of youth
Keeps pure the holy fount of youthful feeling,—
And him that in the nightfall of his years
Lies down in his last sleep, and shuts in peace
His dim pale eyes on life's short wayfaring,
Praise Him, that rules the destiny of man.

AUTUMNAL NIGHTFALL

From the same, December 1, 1824.

ROUND Autumn's mouldering urn
Loud mourns the chill and cheerless gale,
When nightfall shades the quiet vale,
And stars in beauty burn.

'Tis the year's eventide.
The wind,—like one that sighs in pain
O'er joys that ne'er will bloom again,
Mourns on the far hillside.

And yet my pensive eye
Rests on the faint blue mountain long,
And for the fairy-land of song,
That lies beyond, I sigh,

The moon unveils her brow;
In the mid-sky her urn glows bright,
And in her sad and mellowing light
The valley sleeps below.

Upon the hazel gray
The lyre of Autumn hangs unstrung,
And o'er its tremulous chords are flung
The fringes of decay.

I stand deep musing here,
Beneath the dark and motionless beech,
Whilst wandering winds of nightfall reach
My melancholy ear.

The air breathes chill and free:
A spirit in soft music calls
From Autumn's gray and moss-grown halls,
And round her withered tree.

The hoar and mantled Oak,
With moss and twisted ivy brown,
Bends in its lifeless beauty down
Where weeds the fountain choke.

That fountain's hollow voice
Echoes the sound of precious things;
Of early feeling's tuneful springs
Choked with our blighted joys.

Leaves, that the night-wind bears
To earth's cold bosom with a sigh,
Are types of our mortality,
And of our fading years.

The tree that shades the plain,
Wasting and hoar as time decays,
Spring shall renew with cheerful days,—
But not my joys again.

ITALIAN SCENERY

From the same, December 15, 1824.

NIGHT rests in beauty on Mont Alto.
Beneath its shade the beauteous Arno sleeps
In Vallombrosa's bosom, and dark trees
Bend with a calm and quiet shadow down
Upon the beauty of that silent river.
Still in the west, a melancholy smile
Mantles the lips of day, and twilight pale
Moves like a spectre in the dusky sky;
While eve's sweet star on the fast-fading year
Smiles calmly:—Music steals at intervals
Across the water, with a tremulous swell,
From out the upland dingle of tall firs,
And a faint footfall sounds, where dim and dark
Hangs the gray willow from the river's brink,
O'ershadowing its current. Slowly there
The lover's gondola drops down the stream,
Silent,—save when its dipping oar is heard,
Or in its eddy sighs the rippling wave.
Mouldering and moss-grown, through the lapse of years,

In motionless beauty stands the giant oak,
Whilst those, that saw its green and flourishing
youth,
Are gone and are forgotten. Soft the fount,
Whose secret springs the starlight pale discloses,
Gushes in hollow music, and beyond
The broader river sweeps its silent way,
Mingling a silver current with that sea,
Whose waters have no tides, coming nor going.
On noiseless wing along that fair blue sea
The halcyon flits,—and where the wearied storm
Left a loud moaning, all is peace again.

A calm is on the deep! The winds that came
O'er the dark sea-surge with a tremulous
breathing,
And mourned on the dark cliff where weeds grew
rank,
And to the autumnal death-dirge the deep sea
Heaved its long billows,—with a cheerless song
Have passed away to the cold earth again,
Like a wayfaring mourner. Silently
Up from the calm sea's dim and distant verge,
Full and unveiled the moon's broad disk emerges.
On Tivoli, and where the fairy hues
Of autumn glow upon Abruzzi's woods,
The silver light is spreading. Far above,
Encompassed with their thin, cold atmosphere,
The Apennines uplift their snowy brows,
Glowing with colder beauty, where unheard

The eagle screams in the fathomless ether,
And stays his wearied wing. Here let us pause!—
The spirit of these solitudes—the soul
That dwells within these steep and difficult places—
Speaks a mysterious language to mine own,
And brings unutterable musings. Earth
Sleeps in the shades of nightfall, and the sea
Spreads like a thin blue haze beneath my feet,
Whilst the gray columns and the mouldering tombs
Of the Imperial City, hidden deep
Beneath the mantle of their shadows, rest.
My spirit looks on earth!—A heavenly voice
Comes silently:—"Dreamer, is earth thy dwelling?—
Lo! nursed within that fair and fruitful bosom
Which has sustained thy being, and within
The colder breast of Ocean, lie the germs
Of thine own dissolution!—E'en the air,
That fans the clear blue sky and gives thee strength,—
Up from the sullen lake of mouldering reeds,
And the wide waste of forest, where the osier
Thrives in the damp and motionless atmosphere,—
Shall bring the dire and wasting pestilence
And blight thy cheek. Dream thou of higher things;—

This world is not thy home!"—And yet my eye
Rests upon earth again! How beautiful,
Where wild Velino heaves its sullen waves
Down the high cliff of gray and shapeless gran-
ite,—
Hung on the curling mist, the moonlight bow
Arches the perilous river.—A soft light
Silvers the Albanian mountains, and the haze
That rests upon their summits, mellows down
The austerer features of their beauty. Faint
And dim-discovered glow the Sabine hills,
And listening to the sea's monotonous shell,
High on the cliffs of Terracina stands
The castle of the royal Goth [1] in ruins.

But night is in her wane:—day's early flush
Glows like a hectic on her fading cheek,
Wasting its beauty. And the opening dawn
With cheerful luster lights the royal city,
Where with its proud tiara of dark towers,
It sleeps upon its own romantic bay.

[1] Theodoric.

THE LUNATIC GIRL

From the same, January 1, 1825.

MOST beautiful, most gentle! Yet how lost
To all that gladdens the fair earth; the eye
That watched her being; the maternal care
That kept and nourished her; and the calm light
That steals from our own thoughts, and softly rests
On youth's green vallies and smooth-sliding waters.
Alas! few suns of life, and fewer winds,
Had withered or had wasted the fresh rose
That bloomed upon her cheek; but one chill frost
Came in that early Autumn, when ripe thought
Is rich and beautiful,—and blighted it;
And the fair stalk grew languid day by day,
And drooped—and drooped, and shed its many leaves.
'Tis said that some have died of love, and some,
That once from beauty's high romance had caught
Love's passionate feelings and heart-wasting cares
Have spurned life's threshold with a desperate foot:
And others have gone mad,—and she was one!—

Her lover died at sea; and they had felt
A coldness for each other when they parted;
But love returned again, and to her ear
Came tidings, that the ship which bore her lover
Had suddenly gone down at sea, and all were lost.
I saw her in her native vale, when high
The aspiring lark up from the reedy river
Mounted, on cheerful pinion; and she sat
Casting smooth pebbles into a clear fountain,
And marking how they sunk;—and oft she sighed
For him that perished thus in the vast deep.
She had a sea-shell, that her lover brought
From the far distant ocean, and she pressed
Its smooth, cold lips unto her ear, and thought
It whispered tidings of the dark blue sea;
And sad, she cried, "The tides are out!—and now
I see his corse upon the stormy beach!"
Around her neck a string of rose-lipped shells,
And coral, and white pearl, was loosely hung,
And close beside her lay a delicate fan,
Made of the halcyon's blue wing; and when
She looked upon it, it would calm her thoughts
As that bird calms the ocean,—for it gave
Mournful, yet pleasant memory. Once I marked,
When through the mountain hollows and green woods,
That bent beneath its footsteps, the loud wind

Came with a voice as of the restless deep,
She raised her head, and on her pale cold cheek
A beauty of diviner seeming came:
And then she spread her hands, and smiled, as if
She welcomed a long absent friend,—and then
Shrunk timorously back again, and wept.
I turned away: a multitude of thoughts,
Mournful and dark, were crowding on my mind
And as I left that lost and ruined one,
A living monument that still on earth
There is warm love and deep sincerity,—
She gazed upon the west, where the blue sky
Held, like an ocean, in its wide embrace
Those fairy islands of bright cloud, that lay
So calm and quietly in the thin ether.
And then she pointed where, alone and high,
One little cloud sailed onward, like a lost
And wandering bark, and fainter grew, and fainter,
And soon was swallowed up in the blue depths.
And when it sunk away, she turned again
With sad despondency and tears to earth.
Three long and weary months,—yet not a whisper
Of stern reproach for that cold parting! Then
She sat no longer by her favorite fountain!—
She was at rest forever.

THE VENETIAN GONDOLIER

From the same, January 15, 1825.

HERE rest the weary oar!—soft airs
Breathe out in the o'erarching sky;
And Night—sweet Night—serenely wears
A smile of peace: her noon is nigh.

Where the tall fir in quiet stands,
And waves, embracing the chaste shores,
Move over sea-shells and bright sands,
Is heard the sound of dipping oars.

Swift o'er the wave the light bark springs,
Love's midnight hour draws lingering near;
And list!—his tuneful viol strings
The young Venetian Gondolier.

Lo! on the silver-mirrored deep,
On earth, and her embosomed lakes,
And where the silent rivers sweep,
From the thin cloud fair moonlight breaks.

Soft music breathes around, and dies
On the calm bosom of the sea;
Whilst in her cell the novice sighs
Her vespers to her rosary.

At their dim altars bow fair forms,
  In tender charity for those,
That, helpless left to life's rude storms,
  Have never found this calm repose.

The bell swings to its midnight chime,
  Relieved against the deep blue sky.
Haste!—dip the oar again—'tis time
  To seek Ginevra's balcony.

LOVER'S ROCK

Published in the *Portland Advertiser,* June 10, 1825.

They showed us near the outlet of Sebago, the Lover's Rock, from which an Indian maid threw herself down into the lake, when the guests were coming together to the marriage festival of her false-hearted lover.—*Leaf from a Traveller's Journal.*

THERE is a love that cannot die!—
  And some their doom have met
  Heart-broken—and gone as stars go by,
  That rise, and burn, and set.
Their days were in Spring's fallen leaf—
Tender—and young—and bright—and brief.

There is a love that cannot die!—
  Aye—it survives the grave;
When life goes out with many a sigh,
  And earth takes what it gave,
Its light is on the home of those
That heed not when the cold wind blows.

With us there are sad records left
  Of life's declining day:
How true hearts here were broken and cleft,
  And how they passed away.
And yon dark rock, that swells above
Its blue lake—has a tale of love.

'Tis of an Indian maid, whose fate
  Was saddened by the burst
Of passion, that made desolate
  The heart it filled at first.
Her lover was false-hearted,—yet
Her love she never could forget.

It was a summer-day, and bright
  The sun was going down:
The wave lay blushing in rich light
  Beneath the dark rock's frown,
And under the green maple's shade
Her lover's bridal feast was made.

She stood upon the rocky steep,
  Grief had her heart unstrung,
And far across the lake's blue sweep
  Was heard the dirge she sung.
It ceased—and in the deep cold wave,
The Indian Girl has made her grave.

DIRGE OVER A NAMELESS GRAVE

From *The United States Literary Gazette,* March 15, 1825.

BY yon still river, where the wave
Is winding slow at evening's close,
The beech, upon a nameless grave,
Its sadly-moving shadow throws.

O'er the fair woods the sun looks down
Upon the many-twinkling leaves,
And twilight's mellow shades are brown,
Where darkly the green turf upheaves.

The river glides in silence there,
And hardly waves the sapling tree:
Sweet flowers are springing, and the air
Is full of balm,—but where is she!

They bade her wed a son of pride,
And leave the hopes she cherished long:
She loved but one,—and would not hide
A love which knew a wrong.

And months went sadly on,—and years:—
And she was wasting day by day:
At length she died,—and many tears
Were shed, that she should pass away.

Then came a gray old man, and knelt
  With bitter weeping by her tomb:—
And others mourned for him, who felt
  That he had sealed a daughter's doom.

The funeral train has long past on,
  And time wiped dry the father's tear!
Farewell,—lost maiden!—there is one
  That mourns thee yet,—and he is here.

A SONG OF SAVOY

From the same, same date.

AS the dim twilight shrouds
  The mountain's purple crest,
  And summer's white and folded clouds
  Are glowing in the west,
Loud shouts come up the rocky dell,
And voices hail the evening-bell.

Faint is the goatherd's song,
  And sighing comes the breeze:
The silent river sweeps along
  Amid its bending trees,—
And the full moon shines faintly there,
And music fills the evening air.

Beneath the waving firs
  The tinkling cymbals sound;

And as the wind the foliage stirs,
  I see the dancers bound
Where the green branches, arched above,
Bend over this fair scene of love.

And he is there, that sought
  My young heart long ago!
But he has left me,—though I thought
  He ne'er could leave me so.
Ah! lovers' vows,—how frail are they!—
And his—were made but yesterday.

Why comes he not? I call
  In tears upon him yet;—
'Twere better ne'er to love at all,
  Than love, and then forget!
Why comes he not? Alas! I should
Reclaim him still, if weeping could.

But see,—he leaves the glade,
  And beckons me away:
He comes to seek his mountain maid!—
  I cannot chide his stay.
Glad sounds along the valley swell,
And voices hail the evening-bell.

THE INDIAN HUNTER

From the same, May 15, 1825.

WHEN the summer harvest was gathered in,
And the sheaf of the gleaner grew white and thin,
And the ploughshare was in its furrow left,
Where the stubble land had been lately cleft,
An Indian hunter, with unstrung bow,
Looked down where the valley lay stretched below.

He was a stranger there, and all that day
Had been out on the hills, a perilous way,
But the foot of the deer was far and fleet,
And the wolf kept aloof from the hunter's feet,
And bitter feelings passed o'er him then,
As he stood by the populous haunts of men.

The winds of autumn came over the woods
As the sun stole out from their solitudes,
The moss was white on the maple's trunk,
And dead from its arms the pale vine shrunk,
And ripened the mellow fruit hung, and red
Were the tree's withered leaves round it shed.

The foot of the reaper moved slow on the lawn,
And the sickle cut down the yellow corn,—

The mower sung loud by the meadow side,
Where the mists of evening were spreading wide,
And the voice of the herdsmen came up the lea,
And the dance went round by the greenwood
tree.

Then the hunter turned away from that scene,
Where the home of his fathers once had been,
And heard by the distant and measured stroke,
That the woodman hewed down the giant oak,
And burning thoughts flashed over his mind
Of the white man's faith, and love unkind.

The moon of the harvest grew high and bright,
As her golden horn pierced the cloud of white,—
A footstep was heard in the rustling brake,
Where the beech overshadowed the misty lake,
And a mourning voice, and a plunge from
shore;—
And the hunter was seen on the hills no more.

When years had passed on, by that still lake-
side
The fisher looked down through the silver tide,
And there, on the smooth yellow sand displayed,
A skeleton wasted and white was laid,
And 'twas seen, as the waters moved deep and
slow,
That the hand was still grasping a hunter's bow.

ODE FOR THE COMMEMORATION AT FRYEBURG, MAINE, OF LOVEWELL'S FIGHT

From the *Gazette of Maine,* May 24, 1825.

Air—Bruce's Address.

I

MANY a day and wasted year
Bright has left its footsteps here,
Since was broken the warrior's spear,
And our fathers bled.
Still the tall trees, arching, shake
Where the fleet deer by the lake,
As he dash'd through birch and brake,
From the hunter fled.

II

In these ancient woods so bright,
That are full of life and light,
Many a dark, mysterious rite
The stern warriors kept.
But their altars are bereft,
Fall'n to earth, and strewn and cleft,
And a holier faith is left
Where their fathers slept.

III

From their ancient sepulchres,
Where amid the giant firs,

Moaning loud, the high wind stirs,
Have the red men gone.
Tow'rd the setting sun that makes
Bright our western hills and lakes,
Faint and few, the remnant takes
Its sad journey on.

IV

Where the Indian hamlet stood,
In the interminable wood,
Battle broke the solitude,
And the war-cry rose;
Sudden came the straggling shot
Where the sun looked on the spot
That the trace of war would blot
Ere the day's faint close.

V

Low the smoke of battle hung;
Heavy down the lake it swung,
Till the death wail loud was sung
When the night shades fell;
And the green pine, waving dark,
Held within its shattered bark
Many a lasting scathe and mark,
That a tale could tell.

VI

And the story of that day
Shall not pass from earth away,

Nor the blighting of decay
Waste our liberty;
But within the river's sweep
Long in peace our vale shall sleep
And free hearts the record keep
Of this jubilee.

JECKOYVA

The Indian chief, Jeckoyva, as tradition says, perished alone on the mountain which now bears his name. Night overtook him whilst hunting among the cliffs, and he was not heard of till after a long time, when his half-decayed corpse was found at the foot of a high rock, over which he must have fallen. Mount Jeckoyva is near the White Hills. H. W. L.

From *The United States Literary Gazette,* August 11, 1825.

THEY made the warrior's grave beside
The dashing of his native tide:
And there was mourning in the glen—
The strong wail of a thousand men—
O'er him thus fallen in his pride,
Ere mist of age—or blight or blast
Had o'er his mighty spirit past.

They made the warrior's grave beneath
The bending of the wild elm's wreath,
When the dark hunter's piercing eye
Had found that mountain rest on high,
Where, scattered by the sharp wind's breath,
Beneath the rugged cliff were thrown
The strong belt and the mouldering bone.

Where was the warrior's foot, when first
The red sun on the mountain burst?
Where—when the sultry noon-time came
On the green vales with scorching flame,
  And made the woodlands faint with thirst?
'Twas where the wind is keen and loud,
And the gray eagle breasts the cloud.

Where was the warrior's foot when night
Veiled in thick cloud the mountain-height?
None heard the loud and sudden crash,—
None saw the fallen warrior dash
  Down the bare rock so high and white!—
But he that drooped not in the chase
Made on the hills his burial-place.

They found him there, when the long day
Of cold desertion passed away,
And traces on that barren cleft
Of struggling hard with death were left—
  Deep marks and footprints in the clay!
And they have laid this feathery helm
By the dark river and green elm.

THE SEA-DIVER

From the same, August 15, 1825. This with other poems was included in *Miscellaneous Poems selected from The United States Literary Gazette,* published in 1826.

MY way is on the bright blue sea,
My sleep upon its rocking tide;
And many an eye has followed me
Where billows clasp the worn sea-side.

My plumage bears the crimson blush,
When ocean by the sun is kissed!
When fades the evening's purple flush,
My dark wing cleaves the silver mist.

Full many a fathom down beneath
The bright arch of the splendid deep
My ear has heard the sea-shell breathe
O'er living myriads in their sleep.

They rested by the coral throne,
And by the pearly diadem;
Where the pale sea-grape had o'ergrown
The glorious dwellings made for them.

At night upon my storm-drench'd wing,
I poised above a helmless bark,
And soon I saw the shattered thing
Had passed away and left no mark.

And when the wind and storm were done,
  A ship, that had rode out the gale,
Sunk down,—without a signal-gun,
  And none was left to tell the tale.

I saw the pomp of day depart,—
  The cloud resign its golden crown,
When to the ocean's beating heart,
  The sailor's wasted corse went down.

Peace be to those whose graves are made
  Beneath the bright and silver sea!—
Peace—that their relics there were laid
  With no vain pride and pageantry.

MUSINGS

From the same, November 15, 1825.

I SAT by my window one night,
  And watched how the stars grew high;
And the earth and skies were a splendid sight
  To a sober and musing eye.

From heaven the silver moon shone down
  With gentle and mellow ray,
And beneath the crowded roofs of the town
  In broad light and shadow lay.

A glory was on the silent sea,
  And mainland and island too,
Till a haze came over the lowland lea,
  And shrouded that beautiful blue.

Bright in the moon the autumn wood
  Its crimson scarf unrolled,
And the trees like a splendid army stood
  In a panoply of gold!

I saw them waving their banners high,
  As their crests to the night wind bowed,
And a distant sound on the air went by,
  Like the whispering of a crowd.

Then I watched from my window how fast
  The lights all around me fled,
As the wearied man to his slumber passed
  And the sick one to his bed.

All faded save one, that burned
  With distant and steady light;
But that, too, went out,—and I turned
  Where my own lamp within shone bright!

Thus, thought I, our joys must die,
  Yes—the brightest from earth we win:
Till each turns away, with a sigh,
  To the lamp that burns brightly within.

SONG

From the same, April 1, 1826.

WHERE, from the eye of day,
The dark and silent river
Pursues through tangled woods a way
O'er which the tall trees quiver;

The silver mist, that breaks
From out that woodland cover,
Betrays the hidden path it takes
And hangs the current over!

So oft the thoughts that burst
From hidden springs of feeling,
Like silent streams, unseen at first,
From our cold hearts are stealing:

But soon the clouds that veil
The eye of Love, when glowing,
Betray the long unwhispered tale
Of thoughts in darkness flowing!

SONG OF THE BIRDS

From *The Atlantic Souvenir,* 1827.

WITH what a hollow dirge, its voice did fill
The vast and empty hollow of the night!—
It had perch'd itself upon a tall old tree,
That hung its tufted and thick clustering leaves
Midway across the brook; and sung most sweetly,
In all the merry and heart-broken sadness
Of those that love hath craz'd. Clearly it ran
Through all the delicate compass of its voice:—
And then again, as from a distant hollow,
I heard its sweet tones like an echo sounding,
And coming, like the memory of a friend
From a far distant country—or the silent land
Of the mourn'd and the dead, to which we all are passing:
It seemed the song of some poor broken heart,
Haunted forever with love's cruel fancies!—
Of one that has loved much—yet never known
The luxury of being loved again!

But when the morning broke, and the green woods
Were all alive with birds—with what a clear
And ravishing sweetness, sung the plaintive thrush:

I love to hear its delicate rich voice,
Chanting through all the gloomy day, when loud
Amid the trees is dropping the big rain,
And gray mists wrap the hills;—for aye the sweeter
Its song is, when the day is sad and dark. And thus,
When the bright fountains of a woman's love
Are gently running over, if a cloud
But darken, with its melancholy shadow,
The bright flowers round our way, her heart
Doth learn new sweetness, and her rich voice falls
With more delicious music on our ears.

AN EVENING IN AUTUMN

From *The Token,* 1833.

IT was the season when the summer sun
Grows less intense, when the pure temperate air
Invites us, as the toils of day are done,
To holy thought, and all our feelings wear
A solemn stillness. A fair sylvan scene
With shadowy outline, like a painted screen

Shut out the noisy world. The forest leaf
Put on the burnish'd livery of the fall,
The sickle lay beside the garner'd sheaf,
The mower's scythe hung idly on the wall;

And stretch'd at ease beneath the loaded mow,
Reposing labor wip'd his sun burnt brow.

It was vacation time, and studious care
  Had lain the weary volume on its shelf;
The mind was free to range the bright pure air,
  To breathe, disburden and unbend itself,
And like an uncag'd bird to soar on high,
A denizen of the unbounded sky.

Calmly the evening fell, and o'er the soul
  Its holy influence came. The summer wind
Was scarcely audible, as its whisper stole
  At intervals through the half open'd blind,
With a soft music like the sounds that swell
In the bright chambers of the wreathed shell.

And then anon it freshen'd, and without
  The woodland wav'd its many rustling leaves,
And raised its arms aloft, and with a shout
  Heaved upwards, as the troubled ocean heaves,
And like a bark upon the billow's breast
Rock'd to and fro the wild bird's little nest.

All the day long the gently dropping rain
  Had fallen, and the clouds hung dark and low;
But now their shadowy veil was raised again,
  As the fresh evening breeze began to blow,
And through the dripping leaves, and the blue haze
That fill'd the woodland scene, in one wide blaze

Of gorgeous splendor stream'd the setting sun,
  And made the forest walks and alleys green,
Bright with his presence. The glad brook, that ran
  Down the slant upland, flash'd in silver sheen,
The wet leaves glisten'd, every bending spear
Of grass shone bright, and the wide atmosphere

Seem'd slow descending in a golden shower,
  As if the fable of mythology
Had then become, through some mysterious power,
  A palpable creation, to the eye
Of the external and corporeal sense
Made visible and distinct. . . .

Farewell, the setting sun! lo he has made
  His grave beneath the hills, but he shall rise,
Wearing a brighter garment, and the shade
  Pass like a phantom from before our eyes.
So shall the dead ascend from realms of night,
Wearing immortal crowns and clothed in light.

  Th' unshadow'd splendor of the eternal ray
  Pierces the gloom of death; the very tomb
Is radiant with its brightness, and the way
  In which the spirit walks through earthly gloom
Heavenward grows brighter on the unseal'd eye.
And leads us to the mercy seat on high.

And if in worlds, that lie beyond our own,
  The spirit, when it sees its trembling light
Replenish'd from the blaze of God's own throne,
  Can bend itself from that celestial height,
And like a guardian angel of this sphere,
Revisit those it left in sorrow here,

Oft in that holy hour, when day has fled,
  The spirit of some dear departed friend
Has hover'd round me, and in whispers said,
  That when life's transient dream was at an end,
Those that had loved in life should meet again,
Where there was neither sorrow, death, nor pain.

THE SOUL

From *The Knickerbocker Magazine,* 1835.

AND is this education? This the training
  Of an immortal spirit for the skies?
Would you, thus, teach it virtue, by restraining
  Its heavenward aspirations till it dies?
Thus fit it, for a life beyond the grave,
By making it a helot and a slave

To earth-born passions, and unholy lust,
  And grovelling appetites? Oh! no. The soul,

Blazoned with shame, and foul with earthly dust,
  And for an emblem bearing o'er the whole
The crafty serpent, not the peaceful dove,
Has no escutcheon for the courts above.

Why, then, prove false to Nature's noblest trust?
  Why, thus, restrain the spirit's upward flight,
And make its dwelling in the loathsome dust,
  Until "earth's shadow hath eclipsed its light"?
Why deck the flesh,—the sensual slave of sin,
And leave in rags the immortal guest within?

Beware! The Israelite of old, who tore [1]
  The lion in his path, when poor and blind,
He saw the blessed light of heaven no more,—
  Shorn of his nobler strength, and forced to grind
In prison, and at times led forth to be
A pander to Philistine revelry,—

Destroyed himself, and with those that made
  A cruel mockery of his sightless eyes!
So, too, the immortal soul, when once betrayed
  To minister to lusts it doth despise,
A poor, blind slave—the scoff and jest of all,—
Expires,—and thousands perish in the fall!

[1] See "The Warning," in "Poems of Slavery."

TRUTH

From *The Boston Book*, 1836.

OH holy and eternal Truth! Thou art
An emanation of the Eternal Mind!
A glorious attribute—a noble part
Of uncreated being! Who can find,
By diligent searching—who can find out thee,
The Incomprehensible—the Deity!

The human mind is a reflection caught
From thee, a trembling shadow of thy ray.
Thy glory beams around us, but the thought
That heavenward wings its daring flight away,
Returns to where its flight was first begun,
Blinded and dark beneath the noon-day sun.

The soul of man, though sighing after thee,
Hath never known thee, saving as it knows
The stars of heaven, whose glorious light we see,
The sun, whose radiance dazzles as it glows;
Something, that is beyond us, and above
The reach of human power, though not of human love.

Vainly Philosophy may strive to teach
The secret of thy being. Its faint ray
Misguides our steps. Beyond the utmost reach
Of its untiring wing, the eternal day.

Of truth is shining on the longing eye,
Distant — unchanged — changeless — pure and
high!

And yet thou hast not left thyself without
A revelation. All we feel and see
Within us and around, forbids to doubt,
Yet speaks so darkly and mysteriously
Of what we are and shall be evermore,
We doubt, and yet believe, and tremble and
adore!

THE POET OF MILETUS

From *The Liberty Bell,* 1846.

IN ancient days, when in the Ionian land,
The poet of Miletus, unto whom
The Ephesians gave three thousand golden
pieces
For singing them one song, desired to add
Four chords unto the seven-chorded lyre,

That he might give a more complete expression
To all the feelings struggling at his heart,
He was forbidden by the popular vote.
This happened some three centuries before
Christ!

Here, too, the popular voice forbids the poet
To add a single chord unto his lyre,

Although he takes no gold from the Ephesians,
And would but give an utterance more complete
To all the voices of humanity,
Even the swart Ethiop's inarticulate woe.
And this is eighteen centuries after Christ!

VOICES OF THE NIGHT

1839

Πότνια, πότνια νὺξ,
ὑπνοδότειρα τῶν πολυπόνων βροτῶν,
Ἐρεβόθεν ἰθι: μόλε μόλε κατάπτερος
Ἀγαμεμνόνιον ἐπὶ δόμον:
ὑπὸ γὰρ ἀλγέων, ὑπό τε συμφορᾶς
διοιχόμεθ', οἰχόμεθα.

EURIPIDES.

EDITORIAL NOTE

"Voices of the Night" the first garnering of the fruit of Longfellow's poetic genius, the appearance of which, as has been well said, "formed an epoch in our literary history," was first published in Cambridge, Mass. by John Owen in 1839. It appeared in sober brown boards, the edges were untrimmed, the title was printed on a paper label, and pasted on the back.

The first edition consisted of nine hundred copies, all of which were sold within a month, and a second and third edition followed within a year, after which the author leased the copyright to Owen for three years on consideration of his paying on publication ten cents for every copy printed, and ten copies of each edition of the work.

Many of these poems such as "Footsteps of Angels" and "The Psalm of Life" have become household words. In the former the poet makes the following allusion to his wife who lost her life in Rotterdam in 1835:

> "the being Beauteous
> Who into my youth was given
> More than all things else to love me
> And is now a Saint in Heaven."

This volume is printed here as it was published, except for the omission of the three translations from Dante, which are found in the section devoted to the works of that poet. The translations, which formed parts of other volumes, have been all brought together here, and several other translations uncollected at the time of the publication of this volume, which were buried in different newspapers and unacknowledged have been added.

PRELUDE

PLEASANT it was, when woods were green,
And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs between,
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go;

Or where the denser grove receives
No sunlight from above,
But the dark foliage interweaves
In one unbroken roof of leaves,
Underneath whose sloping eaves
The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground;
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,
With one continuous sound;—

A slumberous sound, a sound that brings
The feelings of a dream,
As of innumerable wings,

As, when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmur rings
  O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die,
  Bright visions, came to me,
As lapped in thought I used to lie,
And gaze into the summer sky,
Where the sailing clouds went by,
  Like ships upon the sea;

Dreams that the soul of youth engage
  Ere Fancy has been quelled;
Old legends of the monkish page,
Traditions of the saint and sage,
Tales that have the rime of age,
  And chronicles of Eld.

And, loving still these quaint old themes,
  Even in the city's throng
I feel the freshness of the streams,
That, crossed by shades and sunny gleams,
Water the green land of dreams,
  The holy land of song.

Therefore, at Pentecost, which brings
  The Spring, clothed like a bride,
When nestling buds unfold their wings,
And bishop's-caps have golden rings,
Musing upon many things,
  I sought the woodlands wide.

The green trees whispered low and mild;
  It was a sound of joy!
They were my playmates when a child,
And rocked me in their arms so wild!
Still they looked at me and smiled,
  As if I were a boy;

And ever whispered, mild and low,
  "Come, be a child once more!"
And waved their long arms to and fro,
And beckoned solemnly and slow;
O, I could not choose but go
  Into the woodlands hoar,—

Into the blithe and breathing air,
  Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere!
Nature with folded hands seemed there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer!
  Like one in prayer I stood.

Before me rose an avenue
  Of tall and sombrous pines;
Abroad their fan-like branches grew,
And, where the sunshine darted through,
Spread a vapor soft and blue,
  In long and sloping lines.

And, falling on my weary brain,
  Like a fast-falling shower,

The dreams of youth came back again,
Low lispings of the summer rain,
Dropping on the ripened grain.
  As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood! Stay, O stay!
  Ye were so sweet and wild!
And distant voices seemed to say,
"It cannot be! They pass away!
Other themes demand thy lay;
  Thou art no more a child!

"The land of Song within thee lies,
  Watered by living springs;
The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes
Are gates unto that Paradise,
Holy thoughts, like stars, arise,
  Its clouds are angels' wings.

"Learn, that henceforth thy song shall be,
  Not mountains capped with snow,
Nor forests sounding like the sea,
Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,
Where the woodlands bend to see
  The bending heavens below.

"There is a forest where the din
  Of iron branches sounds!
A mighty river roars between,
And whosoever looks therein

Sees the heavens all black with sin,
  Sees not its depths, nor bounds.

"Athwart the swinging branches cast,
  Soft rays of sunshine pour;
Then comes the fearful wintry blast;
Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall fast;
Pallid lips say, 'It is past!
  We can return no more!'

"Look, then, into thine heart, and write!
  Yes, into Life's deep stream!
All forms of sorrow and delight,
All solemn Voices of the Night,
That can soothe thee, or affright,–
  Be these henceforth thy theme."

HYMN TO THE NIGHT [1]

'Ασπασίν, τρίλλιστος.

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night
  Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
  From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
  Stoop o'er me from above;

[1] Hymne an die Nacht. For Male chorus and Baritone solo, Male orchestra, Offenbach M. Andre—186—. Duet by S. Glover.

The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best-beloved Night!

A PSALM OF LIFE [1]

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,

[1] Set to music by J. Blockley, by G. W. Hewett and by A. W. Titus.

Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
  Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
  Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
  We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
  Footprints on the sands of time;—

Footprints, that perhaps another,
  Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
  Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
  With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
  Learn to labor and to wait.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS[1]

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

[1] Set to music by M. W. Balfe, J. W. Hobbs. and J. R. Thomas,

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
  The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
  And took the flowers away.

THE LIGHT OF STARS

THE night is come, but not too soon;
  And sinking silently,
  All silently, the little moon
  Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven
  But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
  To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?
  The star of love and dreams?
O no! from that blue tent above,
  A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
  When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
  The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand
  And smile upon my pain;

Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
  And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light
  But the cold light of stars;
I give the first watch of the night
  To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
  He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
  And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
  That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
  Be resolute and calm.

O fear not in a world like this,
  And thou shalt know erelong,
Know how sublime a thing it is
  To suffer and be strong.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS[1]

WHEN the hours of Day are numbered,
  And the voices of the Night
  Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
  To a holy, calm delight;

[1] Set to music by W. R. Dempsber and by F. Rower.

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
  And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
  Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed
  Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
  Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who cherished
  Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perished,
  Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
  Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
  Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beauteous,
  Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
  And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
  Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
  Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
  With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
  Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
  Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
  Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
  All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
  Such as these have lived and died!

FLOWERS

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,
  One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
  Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
  As astrologers and seers of eld;
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
  Like the burning stars, which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
  God hath written in those stars above;

But not less in the bright flowerets under us
  Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
  Written all over this great world of ours;
Making evident our own creation,
  In these stars of earth, these golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,
  Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the self-same, universal being,
  Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,
  Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,
  Buds that open only to decay;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
  Flaunting gayly in the golden light;
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
  Tender wishes, blossoming at night!

These in flowers and men are more than seeming;
  Workings are they of the self-same powers,
Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,
  Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing,
  Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born;

Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
  Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
  And in Summer's green-emblazoned field,
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,
  In the center of his brazen shield;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
  On the mountain-top, and by the brink
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
  Where the slaves of nature stoop to drink;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
  Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,
  On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
  In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
  Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
  Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
  How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection
  We behold their tender buds expand;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
  Emblems of the bright and better land.

THE BELEAGUERED CITY

I HAVE read, in some old, marvellous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of specters pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
With the wan moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,
No drum, nor sentry's pace;
The mist-like banners clasped the air,
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But when the old cathedral bell
Proclaimed the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley fast and far
The troubled army fled;

Up rose the glorious morning star,
  The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvellous heart of man,
  That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
  Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
  In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
  Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground
  The spectral camp is seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
  Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice nor sound is there,
  In the army of the grave;
No other challenge breaks the air,
  But the rushing of Life's wave.

And when the solemn and deep church-bell
  Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
  The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
  The spectral camp is fled;
Faith shineth as a morning star,
  Our ghastly fears are dead.

MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR

YES, the Year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and bleared!
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Sorely, sorely!

The leaves are falling, falling,
Solemnly and slow;
Caw! caw! the rooks are calling,
It is a sound of woe,
A sound of woe!

Through woods and mountain passes
The winds, like anthems, roll;
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing, "Pray for this poor soul,
Pray, pray!"

And the hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers;
But their prayers are all in vain,
All in vain!

There he stands in the foul weather,
The foolish, fond Old Year,

Crowned with wild-flowers and with heather,
  Like weak, despised Lear,
    A king, a king!

Then comes the summer-like day,
  Bids the old man rejoice!
His joy! his last! O, the old man gray
  Loveth that ever-soft voice,
    Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,
  To the voice gentle and low
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,
  "Pray do not mock me so!
    Do not laugh at me!"

And now the sweet day is dead;
  Cold in his arms it lies;
No stain from its breath is spread
  Over the glassy skies,
    No mist or stain!

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,
  And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
  In the wilderness alone,
    "Vex not his ghost!"

Then comes, with an awful roar,
  Gathering and sounding on,

The storm-wind from Labrador,
  The wind Euroclydon,
    The storm-wind!

Howl! howl! and from the forest
  Sweep the red leaves away!
Would, the sins that thou abhorrest,
  O Soul! could thus decay,
    And be swept away!

For there shall come a mightier blast,
  There shall be a darker day;
And the stars, from heaven down-cast,
  Like red leaves be swept away!
    Kyrie, eleyson!
    Christe, eleyson!

EARLIER POEMS

[These poems were written for the most part during my college life, and all of them before the age of nineteen. Some have found their way into schools, and seem to be successful. Others lead a vagabond and precarious existence in the corners of newspapers; or have changed their names and run away to seek their fortunes beyond the sea. I say, with the Bishop of Avranches on a similar occasion: "I cannot be displeased to see these children of mine, which I have neglected, and almost exposed, brought from their wanderings in lanes and alleys, and safely lodged, in order to go forth into the world together in a more decorous garb."]

Author's note to the revised collected edition of his Poetical works, 1865.

AN APRIL DAY

WHEN the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives;
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and colored wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws

Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.

And when the eve is born,
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw,
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

Sweet April! many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

AUTUMN

WITH what a glory comes and goes the year!
The buds of spring, those beautiful harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out;
And when the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with

A sober gladness the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.
Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the wayside a-weary. Through the trees
The golden robin moves. The purple finch,
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,
And pecks by the witch-hazel, whilst aloud
From cottage roofs the warbling blue-bird sings,
And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,
Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy flail.

O what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!

For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.

WOODS IN WINTER

WHEN winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

WOODS IN WINTER

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
  When birds sang out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
  And the song ceased not with the day!

But still wild music is abroad,
  Pale, desert woods! within your crowd;
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,
  Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear
  Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year,
  I listen, and it cheers me long.

HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS[1] OF BETHLEHEM[2]

AT THE CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S BANNER

WHEN the dying flame of day
  Through the chancel shot its ray,
  Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowléd head;
And the censer burning swung,

[1] Set to music as Solo and Duet by Miss M. Lindsay.

[2] While Lafayette lay sick at Bethlehem, Pa., where was the Moravian Settlement, Count Pulaski visited him and ordered the crimson silk flag which his legion bore. The count served the American cause from 1777 until he was mortally wounded at Savannah two years later.

Where, before the altar, hung
The crimson banner, that with prayer
Had been consecrated there.
And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while.
Sung low, in the dim, mysterious aisle.

"Take thy banner! May it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave;
When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the sabbath of our vale,
When the clarion's music thrills
To the hearts of these lone hills,
When the spear in conflict shakes,
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

"Take thy banner! and, beneath
The battle-cloud's encircling wreath,
Guard it, till our homes are free!
Guard it! God will prosper thee!
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield thee then.

"Take thy banner! But when night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare him! By our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,

Spare him! he our love hath shared!
Spare him! as thou wouldst be spared!

"Take thy banner! and if e'er
Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee."

The warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud!

SUNRISE ON THE HILLS

I STOOD upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,
And woods were brightened, and soft gales
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.
The clouds were far beneath me; bathed in light,
They gathered mid-way round the wooded height,
And, in their fading glory, shone
Like hosts in battle overthrown,
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,
Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered lance,
And rocking on the cliff was left
The dark pine blasted, bare, and cleft.

The veil of cloud was lifted, and below
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow
Was darkened by the forest's shade,
Or glistened in the white cascade;
Where upward, in the mellow blush of day,
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way.

I heard the distant waters dash,
I saw the current whirl and flash,
And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,
The woods were bending with a silent reach.
Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,
The music of the village bell
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills;
And the wild horn, whose voice the woodland fills,
Was ringing to the merry shout,
That faint and far the glen sent out,
Where, answering to the sudden shot, thin smoke,
Through thick-leaved branches, from the dingle broke.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY

THERE is a quiet spirit in these woods,
That dwells where'er the gentle south wind blows;
Where, underneath the white-thorn, in the glade,
The wild flowers bloom, or, kissing the soft air,
The leaves above their sunny palms outspread.
With what a tender and impassioned voice
It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought,
When the fast ushering star of morning comes
O'er-riding the gray hills with golden scarf;
Or when the cowled and dusky-sandaled Eve,
In mourning weeds, from out the western gate,
Departs with silent pace! That spirit moves
In the green valley, where the silver brook,
From its full laver, pours the white cascade;
And, babbling low amid the tangled woods,
Slips down through moss-grown stones with endless laughter.
And frequent, on the everlasting hills,
Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap itself
In all the dark embroidery of the storm,
And shouts the stern, strong wind. And here, amid
The silent majesty of these deep woods,
Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from earth,
As to the sunshine and the pure, bright air

Their tops the green trees lift. Hence gifted
bards
Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades.
For them there was an eloquent voice in all
The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun,
The flowers, the leaves, the river on its way,
Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle winds,
The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun
Aslant the wooded slope, at evening, goes,
Groves, through whose broken roof the sky looks
in,
Mountain, and shattered cliff, and sunny vale,
The distant lake, fountains, and mighty trees,
In many a lazy syllable, repeating
Their old poetic legends to the wind.

And this is the sweet spirit, that doth fill
The world; and, in these wayward days of youth,
My busy fancy oft embodies it,
As a bright image of the light and beauty
That dwell in nature; of the heavenly forms
We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues
That stain the wild bird's wing, and flush the
clouds
When the sun sets. Within her tender eye
The heaven of April, with its changing light,
And when it wears the blue of May, is hung,
And on her lip the rich, red rose. Her hair
Is like the summer tresses of the trees,

When twilight makes them brown, and on her cheek
Blushes the richness of an autumn sky,
With ever-shifting beauty. Then her breath,
It is so like the gentle air of Spring,
As, from the morning's dewy flowers, it comes
Full of their fragrance, that it is a joy
To have it round us, and her silver voice
Is the rich music of a summer bird,
Heard in the still night, with its passionate cadence.

BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK

ON sunny slope and beechen swell,
The shadowed light of evening fell;
And, where the maple's leaf was brown,
With soft and silent lapse came down,
The glory, that the wood receives,
At sunset, in its golden leaves.

Far upward in the mellow light
Rose the blue hills. One cloud of white,
Around a far uplifted cone,
In the warm blush of evening shone;
An image of the silver lakes,
By which the Indian's soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard
Where the soft breath of evening stirred

The tall, gray forest; and a band
Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,
Came winding down beside the wave,
To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sang, that by his native bowers
He stood, in the last moon of flowers,
And thirty snows had not yet shed
Their glory on the warrior's head;
But, as the summer fruit decays,
So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin
Covered the warrior, and within
Its heavy folds the weapons, made
For the hard toils of war, were laid;
The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,
And the broad belt of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train
Chanted the death dirge of the slain;
Behind, the long procession came
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,
With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial dress,
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,
With darting eye, and nostril spread,
And heavy and impatient tread,

He came; and oft that eye so proud
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief; they freed
Beside the grave his battle steed;
And swift an arrow cleaved its way
To his stern heart! One piercing neigh,
Arose, and, on the dead man's plain,
The rider grasps his steed again.

TRANSLATIONS

[Don Jorge Manrique, the author of the following poem, flourished in the last half of the fifteenth century. He followed the profession of arms, and died on the field of battle. Mariana, in his History of Spain, makes honorable mention of him, as being present at the siege of Uclés; and speaks of him as "a youth of estimable qualities, who in this war gave brilliant proofs of his valor. He died young; and was thus cut off from long exercising his great virtues, and exhibiting to the world the light of his genius, which was already known to fame." He was mortally wounded in a skirmish near Cañavete, in the year 1479.

The name of Rodrigo Manrique, the father of the poet, Conde de Paredes and Maestre de Santiago, is well known in Spanish history and song. He died in 1476; according to Mariana, in the town of Uclés; but, according to the poem of his son, in Ocaña. It was his death that called forth the poem upon which rests the literary reputation of the younger Manrique. In the language of his historian, "Don Jorge Manrique, in an elegant Ode, full of poetic beauties, rich embellishments of genius, and high moral reflections, mourned the death of his father as with a funeral hymn." This praise is not exaggerated. The poem is a model in its kind. Its conception is solemn and beautiful; and, in accordance with it, the style moves on,—calm, dignified, and majestic.]

COPLAS DE MANRIQUE

FROM THE SPANISH

O LET the soul her slumbers break,
Let thought be quickened, and awake;
Awake to see
How soon this life is past and gone,
And death comes softly stealing on,
How silently!

Swiftly our pleasures glide away,
Our hearts recall the distant day
With many sighs;
The moments that are speeding fast
We heed not, but the past,—the past,
More highly prize.

Onward its course the present keeps,
Onward the constant current sweeps,
Till life is done;
And, did we judge of time aright,
The past and future in their flight
Would be as one.

Let no one fondly dream again,
That Hope and all her shadowy train

Will not decay;
Fleeting as were the dreams of old,
Remembered like a tale that's told,
They pass away.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
The silent grave!
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In one dark wave.

Thither the mighty torrents stray,
Thither the brook pursues its way,
And tinkling rill.
There all are equal; side by side
The poor man and the son of pride
Lie calm and still.

I will not here invoke the throng
Of orators and sons of song,
The deathless few;
Fiction entices and deceives,
And, sprinkled o'er her fragrant leaves,
Lies poisonous dew.

To One alone my thoughts arise,
The Eternal Truth, the Good and Wise,
To Him I cry,
Who shared on earth our common lot,

But the world comprehended not
His deity.

This world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above;
So let us choose that narrow way,
Which leads no traveller's foot astray
From realms of love.

Our cradle is the starting-place,
Life is the running of the race,
We reach the goal
When, in the mansions of the blest,
Death leaves to its eternal rest
The weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought,
This world would school each wandering thought
To its high state.
Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,
Up to that better world on high,
For which we wait.

Yes, the glad messenger of love,
To guide us to our home above,
The Savior came;
Born amid mortal cares and fears,
He suffered in this vale of tears
A death of shame.

Behold of what delusive worth
The bubbles we pursue on earth,
The shapes we chase,
Amid a world of treachery!
They vanish ere death shuts the eye,
And leave no trace.

Time steals them from us, chances strange,
Disastrous accident, and change,
That come to all;
Even in the most exalted state,
Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate;
The strongest fall.

Tell me, the charms that lovers seek
In the clear eye and blushing cheek,
The hues that play
O'er rosy lip and brow of snow,
When hoary age approaches slow,
Ah, where are they?

The cunning skill, the curious arts,
The glorious strength that youth imparts
In life's first stage;
These shall become a heavy weight,
When Time swings wide his outward gate
To weary age.

The noble blood of Gothic name,
Heroes emblazoned high to fame,

In long array;
How, in the onward course of time,
The landmarks of that race sublime
Were swept away!

Some, the degraded slaves of lust,
Prostrate and trampled in the dust,
Shall rise no more;
Others, by guilt and crime, maintain
The scutcheon, that, without a stain,
Their fathers bore.

Wealth and the high estate of pride,
With what untimely speed they glide,
How soon depart!
Bid not the shadowy phantoms stay,
The vassals of a mistress they,
Of fickle heart.

These gifts in Fortune's hands are found;
Her swift revolving wheel turns round,
And they are gone!
No rest the inconstant goddess knows,
But changing, and without repose,
Still hurries on.

Even could the hand of avarice save
Its gilded baubles, till the grave
Reclaimed its prey,
Let none on such poor hopes rely;

Life, like an empty dream, flits by,
And where are they?

Earthly desires and sensual lust
Are passions springing from the dust,
They fade and die;
But, in the life beyond the tomb,
They seal the immortal spirit's doom
Eternally!

The pleasures and delights, which mask
In treacherous smiles life's serious task,
What are they, all,
But the fleet coursers of the chase,
And death an ambush in the race,
Wherein we fall?

No foe, no dangerous pass, we heed,
Brook no delay, but onward speed
With loosened rein;
And, when the fatal snare is near,
We strive to check our mad career,
But strive in vain.

Could we new charms to age impart,
And fashion with a cunning art
The human face,
As we can clothe the soul with light,
And make the glorious spirit bright
With heavenly grace,

How busily each passing hour
Should we exert that magic power,
What ardor show,
To deck the sensual slave of sin,
Yet leave the freeborn soul within,
In weeds of woe!

Monarchs, the powerful and the strong,
Famous in history and in song
Of olden time,
Saw, by the stern decrees of fate,
Their kingdoms lost, and desolate
Their race sublime.

Who is the champion? who the strong?
Pontiff and priest, and sceptred throng?
On these shall fall
As heavily the hand of Death,
As when it stays the shepherd's breath
Beside his stall.

I speak not of the Trojan name,
Neither its glory nor its shame
Has met our eyes;
Nor of Rome's great and glorious dead,
Though we have heard so oft, and read,
Their histories.

Little avails it now to know
Of ages passed so long ago,

Nor how they rolled;
Our theme shall be of yesterday,
Which to oblivion sweeps away,
Like days of old.

Where is the King, Don Juan? Where
Each royal prince and noble heir
Of Aragon?
Where are the courtly gallantries?
The deeds of love and high emprise,
In battle done?

Tourney and joust, that charmed the eye,
And scarf, and gorgeous panoply,
And nodding plume,
What were they but a pageant scene?
What but the garlands, gay and green,
That deck the tomb?

Where are the high-born dames, and where
Their gay attire, and jewelled hair,
And odors sweet?
Where are the gentle knights, that came
To kneel, and breathe love's ardent flame,
Low at their feet?

Where is the song of Troubadour?
Where are the lute and gay tambour
They loved of yore?
Where is the mazy dance of old,

The flowing robes, inwrought with gold,
The dancers wore?

And he who next the scepter swayed,
Henry, whose royal court displayed
Such power and pride;
O, in what winning smiles arrayed,
The world its various pleasures laid
His throne beside!

But O how false and full of guile
That world, which wore so soft a smile
But to betray!
She, that had been his friend before,
Now from the fated monarch tore
Her charms away.

The countless gifts, the stately walls,
The royal palaces, and halls
All filled with gold;
Plate with armorial bearings wrought,
Chambers with ample treasures fraught
Of wealth untold;

The noble steeds, and harness bright,
And gallant lord, and stalwart knight,
In rich array,
Where shall we seek them now? Alas!
Like the bright dewdrops on the grass,
They passed away.

His brother, too, whose factious zeal
Usurped the scepter of Castile,
Unskilled to reign;
What a gay, brilliant court had he,
When all the flower of chivalry
Was in his train!

But he was mortal; and the breath,
That flamed from the hot forge of Death,
Blasted his years;
Judgment of God! that flame by thee,
When raging fierce and fearfully,
Was quenched in tears!

Spain's haughty Constable, the true
And gallant Master, whom we knew
Most loved of all;
Breathe not a whisper of his pride,
He on the gloomy scaffold died,
Ignoble fall!

The countless treasures of his care,
His villages and villas fair,
His mighty power,
What were they all but grief and shame,
Tears and a broken heart, when came
The parting hour?

His other brothers, proud and high,
Masters, who, in prosperity,

Might rival kings;
Who made the bravest and the best
The bondsmen of their high behest,
Their underlings;

What was their prosperous estate,
When high exalted and elate
With power and pride?
What, but a transient gleam of light,
A flame, which, glaring at its height,
Grew dim and died?

So many a duke of royal name,
Marquis and count of spotless fame,
And baron brave,
That might the sword of empire wield,
All these, O Death, hast thou concealed
In the dark grave!

Their deeds of mercy and of arms,
In peaceful days, or war's alarms,
When thou dost show,
O Death, thy stern and angry face,
One stroke of thy all-powerful mace
Can overthrow.

Unnumbered hosts, that threaten nigh,
Pennon and standard flaunting high,
And flag displayed;
High battlements intrenched around

Bastion, and moated wall, and mound,
And palisade,

And covered trench, secure and deep,
All these cannot one victim keep,
O Death, from thee,
When thou dost battle in thy wrath,
And thy strong shafts pursue their path
Unerringly.

O World! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed!
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

Our days are covered o'er with grief,
And sorrows neither few nor brief
Veil all in gloom;
Left desolate of real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
Or dark despair;
Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a groan,
By the hot sweat of toil alone,
And weary hearts;
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step and slow
Its form departs.

And he, the good man's shield and shade,
To whom all hearts their homage paid,
As Virtue's son,
Roderic Manrique, he whose name
Is written on the scroll of Fame,
Spain's champion;

His signal deeds and prowess high
Demand no pompous eulogy,
Ye saw his deeds!
Why should their praise in verse be sung?
The name, that dwells on every tongue,
No minstrel needs.

To friends a friend; how kind to all
The vassals of this ancient hall
And feudal fief!
To foes how stern a foe was he!
And to the valiant and the free
How brave a chief!

What prudence with the old and wise:
What grace in youthful gayeties;

In all how sage!
Benignant to the serf and slave,
He showed the base and falsely brave
A lion's rage.

His was Octavian's prosperous star,
The rush of Cæsar's conquering car
At battle's call;
His, Scipio's virtue; his, the skill
And the indomitable will
Of Hannibal.

His was a Trajan's goodness, his
A Titus' noble charities
And righteous laws;
The arm of Hector, and the might
Of Tully, to maintain the right
In truth's just cause;

The clemency of Antonine,
Aurelius' countenance divine,
Firm, gentle, still;
The eloquence of Adrian,
And Theodosius' love to man,
And generous will;

In tented field and bloody fray,
An Alexander's vigorous sway
And stern command;
The faith of Constantine; ay, more,

The fervent love Camillus bore
His native land.

He left no well-filled treasury,
He heaped no pile of riches high,
Nor massive plate;
He fought the Moors, and, in their fall,
City and tower and castled wall
Were his estate.

Upon the hard-fought battle-ground,
Brave steeds and gallant riders found
A common grave;
And there the warrior's hand did gain
The rents, and the long vassal train,
That conquest gave.

And if, of old, his halls displayed
The honored and exalted grade
His worth had gained,
So, in the dark, disastrous hour,
Brothers and bondsmen of his power
His hand sustained.

After high deeds, not left untold,
In the stern warfare, which of old
'Twas his to share,
Such noble leagues he made, that more
And fairer regions, than before,
His guerdon were.

These are the records, half effaced,
Which, with the hand of youth, he traced
On history's page;
But with fresh victories he drew
Each fading character anew
In his old age.

By his unrivalled skill, by great
And veteran service to the state,
By worth adored,
He stood, in his high dignity,
The proudest knight of chivalry,
Knight of the Sword.

He found his cities and domains
Beneath a tyrant's galling chains
And cruel power;
But, by fierce battle and blockade,
Soon his own banner was displayed
From every tower.

By the tried valor of his hand,
His monarch and his native land
Were nobly served;
Let Portugal repeat the story,
And proud Castile, who shared the glory
His arms deserved.

And when so oft, for weal or woe,
His life upon the fatal throw

Had been cast down;
When he had served, with patriot zeal,
Beneath the banner of Castile,
His sovereign's crown;

And done such deeds of valor strong,
That neither history nor song
Can count them all;
Then, on Ocaña's castled rock,
Death at his portal came to knock,
With sudden call,

Saying, "Good Cavalier, prepare
To leave this world of toil and care
With joyful mien;
Let thy strong heart of steel this day
Put on its armor for the fray,
The closing scene.

"Since thou hast been, in battle-strife,
So prodigal of health and life,
For earthly fame,
Let virtue nerve thy heart again;
Loud on the last stern battle-plain
They call thy name.

"Think not the struggle that draws near
Too terrible for man, nor fear
To meet the foe;
Nor let thy noble spirit grieve,

Its life of glorious fame to leave
On earth below.

"A life of honor and of worth
Has no eternity on earth,
'Tis but a name;
And yet its glory far exceeds
That base and sensual life, which leads
To want and shame.

"The eternal life, beyond the sky,
Wealth cannot purchase, nor the high
And proud estate;
The soul in dalliance laid, the spirit
Corrupt with sin, shall not inherit
A joy so great.

"But the good monk, in cloistered cell,
Shall gain it by his book and bell,
His prayers and tears;
And the brave knight, whose arm endures
Fierce battle, and against the Moors
His standard rears.

"And thou, brave knight, whose hand has poured
The life-blood of the Pagan horde
O'er all the land,
In heaven shalt thou receive, at length,
The guerdon of thine earthly strength
And dauntless hand.

"Cheered onward by this promise sure,
Strong in the faith entire and pure
Thou dost profess,
Depart, thy hope is certainty,
The third, the better life on high
Shalt thou possess."

"O Death, no more, no more delay;
My spirit longs to flee away,
And be at rest;
The will of Heaven my will shall be,
I bow to the divine decree,
To God's behest.

"My soul is ready to depart,
No thought rebels, the obedient heart
Breathes forth no sigh;
The wish on earth to linger still
Were vain, when 'tis God's sovereign will
That we shall die.

"O thou, that for our sins didst take
A human form, and humbly make
Thy home on earth;
Thou, that to thy divinity
A human nature didst ally
By mortal birth,

"And in that form didst suffer here
Torment, and agony, and fear,

So patiently;
By thy redeeming grace alone,
And not for merits of my own,
O, pardon me!"

As thus the dying warrior prayed,
Without one gathering mist or shade
Upon his mind;
Encircled by his family,
Watched by affection's gentle eye
So soft and kind;

His soul to Him, who gave it, rose;
God lead it to its long repose,
Its glorious rest!
And, though the warrior's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE VEGA

SHEPHERD! who with thine amorous, sylvan song
Hast broken the slumber that encompassed me,
Who mad'st thy crook from the accursed tree,
On which thy powerful arms were stretched so long!

Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains;
For thou my shepherd, guard, and guide shalt be;
I will obey thy voice, and wait to see
Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.
Hear, Shepherd! thou who for thy flock art dying,
O, wash away these scarlet sins, for thou
Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.
O, wait! to thee my weary soul is crying,
Wait for me! Yet why ask it, when I see,
With feet nailed to the cross, thou'rt waiting still for me!

TO-MORROW

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE VEGA

LORD, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me, that thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
O strange delusion! that I did not greet
Thy blest approach, and O, to Heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet.

How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How he persists to knock and wait for thee!"
And, O! how often to that voice of sorrow,
"To-morrow we will open," I replied,
And when the morrow came I answered still,
"To-morrow."

THE NATIVE LAND

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO DE ALDANA

CLEAR fount of light! my native land on high,
Bright with a glory that shall never fade!
Mansion of truth! without a veil or shade,
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.
There dwells the soul in its ethereal essence,
Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath;
But, sentinelled in heaven, its glorious presence
With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not, death.
Beloved country! banished from thy shore,
A stranger in this prison-house of clay,
The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for thee!
Heavenward the bright perfections I adore
Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way,
That, whither love aspires, there shall my dwelling be.

THE IMAGE OF GOD

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO DE ALDANA

O LORD! who seest, from yon starry height,
Centered in one the future and the past,
Fashioned in thine own image, see how fast
The world obscures in me what once was bright!
Eternal Sun! the warmth which thou hast given,
To cheer life's flowery April, fast decays;
Yet, in the hoary winter of my days,
Forever green shall be my trust in Heaven.
Celestial King! O let thy presence pass
Before my spirit, and an image fair
Shall meet that look of mercy from on high,
As the reflected image in a glass
Doth meet the look of him who seeks it there,
And owes its being to the gazer's eye.

THE BROOK

FROM THE SPANISH

LAUGH of the mountain!—lyre of bird and tree!
Pomp of the meadow! mirror of the morn!
The soul of April, unto whom are born

The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee!
Although, where'er thy devious current strays,
The lap of earth with gold and silver teems,
To me thy clear proceeding brighter seems
Than golden sands, that charm each shepherd's gaze
How without guile thy bosom, all transparent
As the pure crystal, lets the curious eye
Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round pebbles count!
How, without malice murmuring, glides thy current!
O sweet simplicity of days gone by!
Thou shun'st the haunts of man, to dwell in limpid fount!

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL[1]

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND

OF Edenhall, the youthful Lord
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call;
He rises at the banquet board,
And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers all,
"Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall!"

[1] Edenhall is famous also for the fact that it contains a mould from which a leaden alphabet was cast for printing the A. B. C. for children. It is said to date from some two hundred years before printing from movable types was introduced in England. C. W.

The butler hears the words with pain,
The house's oldest seneschal,
Takes slow from its silken cloth again
The drinking glass of crystal tall;
They call it The Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the Lord: "This glass to praise,
Fill with red wine from Portugal!"
The graybeard with trembling hand obeys;
A purple light shines over all,
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves it light:
"This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite;
She wrote in it, *If this glass doth fall,*
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!

" 'Twas right a goblet the Fate should be
Of the joyous race of Edenhall!
Deep draughts drink we right willingly;
And willingly ring, with merry call,
Kling! klang! to the Luck of Edenhall!"

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
Like to the song of a nightingale;
Then like the roar of a torrent wild;
Then mutters at last like the thunder's fall,
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

"For its keeper takes a race of might,
The fragile goblet of crystal tall:
It has lasted longer than is right;
Kling! klang!—with a harder blow than all
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!"

As the goblet ringing flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;
And through the rift, the wild flames start;
The guests in dust are scattered all,
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall!

In storms the foe, with fire and sword;
He in the night had scaled the wall,
Slain by the sword lies the youthful Lord,
But holds in his hand the crystal tall,
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,
The graybeard in the desert hall,
He seeks his Lord's burnt skeleton,
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

"The stone wall," saith he, "doth fall aside,
Down must the stately columns fall;
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride;
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball
One day like the Luck of Edenhall!"

THE ELECTED KNIGHT

FROM THE DANISH

SIR OLUF he rideth over the plain,
Full seven miles broad and seven miles wide,
But never, ah never can meet with the man
A tilt with him dare ride.

He saw under the hillside
A Knight full well equipped;
His steed was black, his helm was barred;
He was riding at full speed.

He wore upon his spurs
Twelve little golden birds;
Anon he spurred his steed with a clang,
And there sat all the birds and sang.

He wore upon his mail
Twelve little golden wheels;
Anon in eddies the wild wind blew,
And round and round the wheels they flew.

He wore before his breast
A lance that was poised in rest;
And it was sharper than diamond-stone,
It made Sir Oluf's heart to groan.

He wore upon his helm
  A wreath of ruddy gold;
And that gave him the Maidens Three,
  The youngest was fair to behold.

Sir Oluf questioned the Knight eftsoon
  If he were come from heaven down;
"Art thou Christ of Heaven," quoth he,
  "So will I yield me unto thee."

"I am not Christ the Great,
  Thou shalt not yield thee yet;
I am an Unknown Knight,
  Three modest Maidens have me bedight."

"Art thou a Knight elected,
  And have three Maidens thee bedight;
So shalt thou ride a tilt this day,
  For all the Maidens' honor!"

The first tilt they together rode
  They put their steeds to the test;
The second tilt they together rode,
  They proved their manhood best.

The third tilt they together rode,
  Neither of them would yield;
The fourth tilt they together rode,
  They both fell on the field.

Now lie the lords upon the plain,
  And their blood runs unto death;
Now sit the Maidens in the high tower,
  The youngest sorrows till death.

SPRING

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES D'ORLEANS
XV. CENTURY

GENTLE Spring! in sunshine clad,
  Well dost thou thy power display!
  For Winter maketh the light heart sad,
  And thou, thou makest the sad heart gay.
He sees thee, and calls to his gloomy train,
The sleet, and the snow, and the wind, and the
  rain;
And they shrink away, and they flee in fear,
  When thy merry step draws near.

Winter giveth the fields and the trees, so old,
  Their beards of icicles and snow;
And the rain, it raineth so fast and cold,
  We must cower over the embers low;
And, snugly housed from the wind and weather,
Mope like birds that are changing feather.
But the storm retires, and the sky grows clear,
  When thy merry step draws near.

Winter maketh the sun in the gloomy sky
  Wrap him round with a mantle of cloud;

But, Heaven be praised, thy step is nigh;
  Thou tearest away the mournful shroud,
And the earth looks bright, and Winter surly,
Who has toiled for naught both late and early,
Is banished afar by the new-born year,
  When thy merry step draws near.

THE CHILD ASLEEP

FROM THE FRENCH

SWEET babe! true portrait of thy father's face,
  Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have pressed!
Sleep, little one; and closely, gently place
  Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little friend,
  Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to me!
I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend;
  'Tis sweet to watch for thee, alone for thee!

His arms fall down; sleep sits upon his brow;
  His eye is closed; he sleeps, nor dreams of harm.
Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow,
  Would you not say he slept on Death's cold arm?

Awake, my boy! I tremble with affright!
  Awake, and chase this fatal thought! Unclose
Thine eye but for one moment on the light!
Even at the price of thine, give me repose!

Sweet error! he but slept, I breathe again;
  Come, gentle dreams, the hour of sleep beguile!
O, when shall he, for whom I sigh in vain,
  Beside me watch to see thy waking smile?

THE GRAVE

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON

FOR thee was a house built
  Ere thou wast born,
  For thee was a mould meant
Ere thou of mother camest.
But it is not made ready,
Nor its depth measured,
Nor is it seen
How long it shall be.
Now I bring thee
Where thou shalt be;
Now I shall measure thee,
And the mould afterwards.

Thy house is not
Highly timbered,
It is unhigh and low;
When thou art therein,
The heel-ways are low,
The side-ways unhigh.
The roof is built
Thy breast full nigh,
So thou shalt in mould
Dwell full cold,
Dimly and dark.

Doorless is that house,
And dark it is within;
There thou art fast detained
And Death hath the key.
Loathsome is that earth-house,
And grim within to dwell.
There thou shalt dwell,
And worms shall divide thee.

Thus thou art laid,
And leavest thy friends;
Thou hast no friend,
Who will come to thee,
Who will ever see
How that house pleaseth thee;
Who will ever open
The door for thee,

And descend after thee;
For soon thou art loathsome
And hateful to see.

KING CHRISTIAN

A NATIONAL SONG OF DENMARK

FROM THE DANISH OF JOHANNES EVALD

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the lofty mast
In mist and smoke;
His sword was hammering so fast,
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed;
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast,
In mist and smoke.
"Fly!" shouted they, "fly, he who can!
Who braves of Denmark's Christian
The stroke?"

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar,
Now is the hour!
He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
And smote upon the foe full sore,
And shouted loud, through the tempest's roar,
"Now is the hour!"
"Fly!" shouted they, "for shelter fly!
Of Denmark's Juel who can defy
The power?"

North Sea! a glimpse of Wessel rent
  Thy murky sky!
Then champions to thine arms were sent;
Terror and Death glared where he went;
From the waves was heard a wail, that rent
  Thy murky sky!
From Denmark, thunders Tordenskiol',
Let each to Heaven commend his soul,
  And fly!

Path of the Dane to fame and might!
  Dark-rolling wave!
Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,
Goes to meet danger with despite,
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,
  Dark-rolling wave!
And amid pleasures and alarms,
And war and victory, be thine arms
  My grave!

THE HAPPIEST LAND [1]

FROM THE GERMAN

THERE sat one day in quiet,
  By an alehouse on the Rhine,
  Four hale and hearty fellows,
And drank the precious wine.

[1] Vocal score with piano accomp. music by Charles Haeber, Boston, 1845.

The landlord's daughter filled their cups,
  Around the rustic board;
Then sat they all so calm and still,
  And spake not one rude word.

But, when the maid departed,
  A Swabian raised his hand,
And cried, all hot and flushed with wine,
  "Long live the Swabian land!

"The greatest kingdom upon earth
  Cannot with that compare;
With all the stout and hardy men
  And the nut-brown maidens there."

"Ha!" cried a Saxon, laughing,
  And dashed his beard with wine;
"I had rather live in Lapland,
  Than that Swabian land of thine!

"The goodliest land on all this earth,
  It is the Saxon land!
There have I as many maidens
  As fingers on this hand!"

"Hold your tongues! both Swabian and Saxon!"
  A bold Bohemian cries;
"If there's a heaven upon this earth,
  In Bohemia it lies.

"There the tailor blows the flute,
  And the cobbler blows the horn,
And the miner blows the bugle,
  Over mountain gorge and bourn."

. . . .

And then the landlord's daughter
  Up to heaven raised her hand,
And said, "Ye may no more contend,—
  There lies the happiest land!"

THE WAVE

FROM THE GERMAN OF TIEDGE

"WHITHER, thou turbid wave?
  Whither, with so much haste,
  As if a thief wert thou?"

"I am the Wave of Life,
Stained with my margin's dust;
From the struggle and the strife
Of the narrow stream I fly
To the Sea's immensity,
To wash from me the slime
Of the muddy banks of Time."

THE DEAD

FROM THE GERMAN OF STOCKMANN

HOW they so softly rest,
All they the holy ones,
Unto whose dwelling-place
Now doth my soul draw near!
How they so softly rest,
All in their silent graves,
Deep to corruption
Slowly down-sinking!

And they no longer weep,
Here, where complaint is still!
And they no longer feel,
Here, where all gladness flies!
And by the cypresses
Softly o'ershadowed,
Until the Angel
Calls them, they slumber!

THE BIRD AND THE SHIP

FROM THE GERMAN OF MULLER

"THE rivers rush into the sea,
By castle and town they go;
The winds behind them merrily
Their noisy trumpets blow.

"The clouds are passing far and high,
  We little birds in them play;
And everything, that can sing and fly,
  Goes with us, and far away.

"I greet thee, bonny boat! Whither, or whence,
  With thy fluttering golden band?"—
"I greet thee, little bird! To the wide sea
  I haste from the narrow land.

"Full and swollen is every sail;
  I see no longer a hill,
I have trusted all to the sounding gale,
  And it will not let me stand still.

"And wilt thou, little bird, go with us?
  Thou mayest stand on the mainmast tall,
For full to sinking is my house
  With merry companions all."—

"I need not and seek not company,
  Bonny boat, I can sing all alone;
For the mainmast tall too heavy am I,
  Bonny boat, I have wings of my own.

"High over the sails, high over the mast,
  Who shall gainsay these joys?
When thy merry companions are still, at last,
  Thou shalt hear the sound of my voice.

"Who neither may rest, nor listen may,
God bless them every one!
I dart away, in the bright blue day,
And the golden fields of the sun.

"Thus do I sing my weary song,
Wherever the four winds blow;
And this same song, my whole life long,
Neither Poet nor Printer may know."

WHITHER?

FROM THE GERMAN OF MULLER

I HEARD a brooklet gushing
From its rocky fountain near,
Down into the valley rushing,
So fresh and wondrous clear.

I know not what came o'er me,
Nor who the counsel gave;
But I must hasten downward,
All with my pilgrim-stave;

Downward, and ever farther,
And ever the brook beside;
And ever fresher murmured,
And ever clearer, the tide.

Is this the way I was going?
Whither, O brooklet, say!

Thou hast, with thy soft murmur,
  Murmured my senses away.

What do I say of a murmur?
  That can no murmur be;
'Tis the water-nymphs, that are singing
  Their roundelays under me.

Let them sing, my friend, let them murmur,
  And wander merrily near;
The wheels of a mill are going.
  In every brooklet clear.

BEWARE![1]

FROM THE GERMAN

I KNOW a maiden fair to see,
  Take care!
  She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
  Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
  Take care!

[1] Set to music as a duet by M. W. Balfe, as a male quartet by H. M. Dow. Solos by B. F. Gilbert, C. Gounod, W. E. Thayer, C. Moulton and A. N. H. B.

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"SHE GIVES A SIDE-GLANCE AND LOOKS DOWN"

She gives a side-glance and looks down,
  Beware! Beware!
  Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

And she has hair of a golden hue,
  Take care!
And what she says, it is not true,
  Beware! Beware!
  Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has a bosom as white as snow,
  Take care!
She knows how much it is best to show,
  Beware! Beware!
  Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She gives thee a garland woven fair,
  Take care!
It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear,
  Beware! Beware!
  Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

SONG OF THE BELL

FROM THE GERMAN

BELL! thou soundest merrily,
When the bridal party
To the church doth hie!
Bell! thou soundest solemnly,
When, on Sabbath morning,
Fields deserted lie!

Bell! thou soundest merrily;
Tellest thou at evening,
Bed-time draweth nigh!
Bell! thou soundest mournfully,
Tellest thou the bitter
Parting hath gone by!

Say! how canst thou mourn?
How canst thou rejoice?
Thou art but metal dull!
And yet all our sorrowings,
And all our rejoicings,
Thou dost feel them all!

God hath wonders many,
Which we cannot fathom,
Placed within thy form!
When the heart is sinking,
Thou alone canst raise it,
Trembling in the storm!

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND

HAST thou seen that lordly castle,
That Castle by the sea?
Golden and red above it
The clouds float gorgeously.

"And fain it would stoop downward
To the mirrored wave below;
And fain it would soar upward
In the evening's crimson glow."

"Well have I seen that castle,
That Castle by the Sea,
And the moon above it standing,
And the mist rise solemnly."

"The winds and the waves of ocean,
Had they a merry chime?
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,
The harp and the minstrel's rhyme?"

"The winds and the waves of ocean,
They rested quietly,
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
And tears came to mine eye."

"And sawest thou on the turrets
The King and his royal bride?
And the wave of their crimson mantles?
And the golden crown of pride?

"Led they not forth, in rapture,
A beauteous maiden there?
Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair?"

"Well saw I the ancient parents,
Without the crown of pride;
They were moving slow, in weeds of woe,
No maiden was by their side!"

THE BLACK KNIGHT [1]

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND

'TWAS Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness,
When woods and fields put off all sadness.
Thus began the King and spake:
"So from the halls
Of ancient Hofburg's walls,
A luxuriant Spring shall break."

Drums and trumpets echo loudly,
Wave the crimson banners proudly,

[1] Cantata for chorus and orchestra. Music by Sir Edward Elgar, London, Novello, 1893.

From balcony the King looked on;
In the play of spears,
Fell all the cavaliers,
Before the monarch's stalwart son.

To the barrier of the fight
Rode at last a sable Knight.
"Sir Knight! your name and scutcheon, say!"
"Should I speak it here,
Ye would stand aghast with fear;
I am a Prince of mighty sway!"

When he rode into the lists,
The arch of heaven grew black with mists,
And the castle 'gan to rock;
At the first blow,
Fell the youth from saddle-bow,
Hardly rises from the shock;

Pipe and viol call the dances,
Torch-light through the high halls glances;
Waves a mighty shadow in;
With manner bland
Doth ask the maiden's hand,
Doth with her the dance begin;

Danced in sable iron sark,
Danced a measure weird and dark,
Coldly clasped her limbs around;
From breast and hair

Down fall from her the fair
  Flowerets, faded, to the ground.

To the sumptuous banquet came
Every Knight and every Dame;
  'Twixt son and daughter all distraught,
With mournful mind
The ancient King reclined,
  Gazed at them in silent thought.

Pale the children both did look,
But the guest a beaker took:
  "Golden wine will make you whole!"
The children drank,
Gave many a courteous thank:
  "O, that draught was very cool!"

Each the father's breast embraces,
Son and daughter; and their faces
  Colorless grow utterly;
Whichever way
Looks the fear-struck father gray,
  He beholds his children die.

"Woe! the blessed children both
Takest thou in the joy of youth;
  Take me, too, the joyless father!"
Spake the grim Guest,
From his hollow, cavernous breast:
  "Roses in the spring I gather!"

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND

FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS

INTO the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, O thither,
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning-visions
Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and band!
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
To the land of the great Departed,
Into the Silent Land!

THE HEMLOCK TREE

FROM THE GERMAN

O HEMLOCK tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy branches!
Green not alone in summer time,
But in the winter's frost and rime!
O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy branches!

O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless is thy bosom!
To love me in prosperity,
And leave me in adversity!
O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless is thy bosom!

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine example!
So long as summer laughs she sings,
But in the autumn spreads her wings.
The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine example!

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy falsehood!
It flows so long as falls the rain,
In drought its springs soon dry again.
The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy falsehood!

ANNIE OF THARAW

FROM THE LOW GERMAN OF SIMON DACH

ANNIE of Tharaw, my true love of old,
She is my life, and my goods, and my gold.

Annie of Tharaw, her heart once again
To me has surrendered in joy and in pain.

Annie of Tharaw, my riches, my good,
Thou, O my soul, my flesh and my blood!

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow,
We will stand by each other, however it blow.

Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow, and pain
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.

As the palm-tree standeth so straight and so tall,
The more the hail beats, and the more the rains fall,—

So love in our hearts shall grow mighty and strong,
Through crosses, through sorrows, through manifold wrong.

Shouldst thou be torn from me to wander alone
In a desolate land where the sun is scarce known,—

Through forests I'll follow, and where the sea flows,
Through ice, and through iron, through armies of foes.

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my sun,
The threads of our two lives are woven in one.

Whate'er I have bidden thee thou hast obeyed,
Whatever forbidden thou hast not gainsaid.

How in the turmoil of life can love stand,
Where there is not one heart, and one mouth, and one hand?

Some seek for dissension, and trouble, and strife;
Like a dog and a cat live such man and wife.

Annie of Tharaw, such is not our love;
Thou are my lambkin, my chick, and my dove.

Whate'er my desire is, in thine may be seen;
I am king of the household, and thou art its queen.

It is this, O my Annie, my heart's sweetest rest,
That makes of us twain but one soul in one breast.

This turns to a heaven the hut where we dwell;
While wrangling soon changes a home to a hell.

THE STATUE OVER THE CATHEDRAL DOOR

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS MOSEN

FORMS of saints and kings are standing
The cathedral door above;
Yet I saw but one among them
Who hath soothed my soul with love.

In his mantle,—wound about him,
As their robes the sowers wind,—
Bore he swallows and their fledglings,
Flowers and weeds of every kind.

And so stands he calm and childlike,
High in wind and tempest wild;
O were I like him exalted,
I would be like him, a child!

And my songs,—green leaves and blossoms,—
To the doors of heaven would bear,
Calling, even in storm and tempest,
Round me still these birds of air.

THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL[1]

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS MOSEN

ON the cross the dying Saviour
Heavenward lifts his eyelids calm,
Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling
In his pierced and bleeding palm.

And by all the world forsaken,
Sees he how with zealous care
At the ruthless nail of iron
A little bird is striving there.

Stained with blood and never tiring,
With its beak it doth not cease,
From the cross 'twould free the Saviour,
Its Creator's Son release.

And the Saviour speaks in mildness:
"Blest be thou of all the good!
Bear, as token of this moment,
Marks of blood and holy rood!"

And that bird is called the crossbill;
Covered all with blood so clear,
In the groves of pine it singeth
Songs, like legends, strange to hear.

[1] Set to music by The Chevalier Lemmens.

THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS[1]

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE

THE sea hath its pearls,
The heaven hath its stars;
But my heart, my heart,
My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heaven;
Yet greater is my heart,
And fairer than pearls and stars
Flashes and beams my love.

Thou little, youthful maiden,
Come unto my great heart;
My heart and the sea and the heaven
Are melting away with love!

[1] Set to music by C. Gounod, by F. Lichner, by T. C. D. Parker, by B. Tours. Quartet by Ciro Pinsuti. Male quartet by E. Woolf.

POETIC APHORISMS

FROM THE SINNGEDICHTE[1] OF FRIEDRICH VON LOGAU

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

MONEY

WHEREUNTO is money good?
Who has it not wants hardihood,
Who has it has much trouble and care,
Who once has had it has despair.

THE BEST MEDICINES

Joy and Temperance and Repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

SIN

Man-like is it to fall into sin,
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
God-like is it all sin to leave.

POVERTY AND BLINDNESS

A blind man is a poor man, and blind a poor man is;
For the former seeth no man, and the latter no man sees.

[1] Mind poems.

LAW OF LIFE

Live I, so live I,
To my Lord heartily,
To my Prince faithfully,
To my Neighbor honestly.
Die I, so die I.

CREEDS

Lutheran, Popish, Calvinistic, all these creeds and doctrines three
Extant are; but still the doubt is, where Christianity may be.

THE RESTLESS HEART

A millstone and the human heart are driven ever round;
If they have nothing else to grind, they must themselves be ground.

CHRISTIAN LOVE

Whilom Love was like a fire, and warmth and comfort it bespoke;
But, alas! it now is quenched, and only bites us, like the smoke.

ART AND TACT

Intelligence and courtesy not always are combined;
Often in a wooden house a golden room we find.

RETRIBUTION

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all.

TRUTH

When by night the frogs are croaking, kindle but a torch's fire,
Ha! how soon they all are silent! Thus Truth silences the liar.

RHYMES

If perhaps these rhymes of mine should sound not well in strangers' ears,
They have only to bethink them that it happens so with theirs;
For so long as words, like mortals, call a fatherland their own,
They will be most highly valued where they are best and longest known.

THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTEL-CUILLE[1]

FROM THE GASCON OF JASMIN

ONLY the Lowland tongue of Scotland might
Rehearse this little tragedy aright;
Let me attempt it with an English quill;
And take, O Reader, for the deed the will.

I

AT the foot of the mountain height
Where is perched Castèl-Cuillè,
When the apple, the plum, and the almond tree
In the plain below were growing white,
This is the song one might perceive
On a Wednesday morn of Saint Joseph's Eve:

"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home!
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day!"

[1] Cantata for soprano and baritone solo, chorus and orchestra. Music by S. Coleridge Taylor, Piano accomp., London, Novello, 1901.

The Maid of Gascony—Cantata, words from "The Blind Girl of Castel-Cuille," music by J. H. Gorden, pianoforte accomp., London, 1872.

This old Te Deum, rustic rites attending,
Seemed from the clouds descending;
When lo! a merry company
Of rosy village girls, clean as the eye,
Each one with her attendant swain,
Came to the cliff, all singing the same strain;
Resembling there, so near unto the sky,
Rejoicing angels, that kind Heaven has sent
For their delight and our encouragement.
Together blending,
And soon descending
The narrow sweep
Of the hillside steep
They wind aslant
Towards Saint Amant,
Through leafy alleys
Of verdurous valleys
With merry sallies
Singing their chant:

"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home!
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day!"

It is Baptiste, and his affianced maiden,
With garlands for the bridal laden!

The sky was blue; without one cloud of gloom,
The sun of March was shining brightly,

And to the air the freshening wind gave lightly
  Its breathings of perfume.

When one beholds the dusky hedges blossom,
A rustic bridal, ah! how sweet it is!
  To sounds of joyous melodies,
That touch with tenderness the trembling bosom,
        A band of maidens
        Gayly frolicking,
        A band of youngsters,
        Wildly rollicking!
          Kissing,
          Caressing,
      With fingers pressing,
        Till in the veriest
      Madness of mirth, as they dance,
      They retreat and advance,
        Trying whose laugh shall be loudest
            and merriest;
      While the bride, with roguish eyes,
  Sporting with them, now escapes and cries:
      "Those who catch me
          Married verily
          This year shall be!"

    And all pursue with eager haste,
    And all attain what they pursue,
And touch her pretty apron fresh and new,
    And the linen kirtle round her waist.

Meanwhile, whence comes it that among
These youthful maidens fresh and fair,
So joyous, with such laughing air,
Baptiste stands sighing, with silent tongue?
And yet the bride is fair and young!
Is it Saint Joseph would say to us all,
That love, o'er-hasty, precedeth a fall?
O no! for a maiden frail, I trow,
Never bore so lofty a brow!
What lovers! they give not a single caress!
To see them so careless and cold to-day,
These are grand people, one would say.
What ails Baptiste? what grief doth him oppress?

It is, that, half-way up the hill,
In yon cottage, by whose walls
Stand the cart-house and the stalls,
Dwelleth the blind orphan still,
Daughter of a veteran old;
And you must know, one year ago,
That Margaret, the young and tender,
Was the village pride and splendor,
And Baptiste her lover bold.
Love, the deceiver, them ensnared;
For them the altar was prepared;
But alas! the summer's blight,
The dread disease that none can stay,
The pestilence that walks by night,
Took the young bride's sight away.

All at the father's stern command was changed;
Their peace was gone, but not their love estranged.
Wearied at home, erelong the lover fled;
Returned but three short days ago,
The golden chain they round him throw,
He is enticed, and onward led
To marry Angela, and yet
Is thinking ever of Margaret.

Then suddenly a maiden cried,
"Anna, Theresa, Mary, Kate!
Here comes the cripple Jane!" And by a fountain's side
A woman, bent and gray with years,
Under the mulberry-trees appears,
And all towards her run, as fleet
As had they wings upon their feet.

It is that Jane, the cripple Jane,
Is a soothsayer, wary and kind.
She telleth fortunes, and none complain.
She promises one a village swain,
Another a happy wedding-day,
And the bride a lovely boy straightway.
All comes to pass as she avers;
She never deceives, she never errs.

But for this once the village seer
Wears a countenance severe,

And from beneath her eyebrows thin and white
Her two eyes flash like cannons bright
Aimed at the bridegroom in waistcoat blue,
Who, like a statue, stands in view;
Changing color, as well he might,
When the beldame wrinkled and gray
Takes the young bride by the hand,
And, with the tip of her reedy wand
Making the sign of the cross, doth say:—
"Thoughtless Angela, beware!
Lest, when thou weddest this false bridegroom,
Thou diggest for thyself a tomb!"
And she was silent; and the maidens fair
Saw from each eye escape a swollen tear;
But on a little streamlet silver-clear,
What are two drops of turbid rain?
Saddened a moment, the bridal train
Resumed the dance and song again;
The bridegroom only was pale with fear;—
And down green alleys
Of verdurous valleys,
With merry sallies,
They sang the refrain:—

"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home!
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day!"

II

AND by suffering worn and weary,
But beautiful as some fair angel yet,
Thus lamented Margaret,
In her cottage lone and dreary:—

"He has arrived! arrived at last!
Yet Jane has named him not these three days
past;
Arrived! yet keeps aloof so far!
And knows that of my night he is the star!
Knows that long months I wait alone, benighted,
And count the moments since he went away!
Come! keep the promise of that happier day,
That I may keep the faith to thee I plighted!
What joy have I without thee? what delight?
Grief wastes my life, and makes it misery;
Day for the others ever, but for me
Forever night! forever night!
When he is gone 'tis dark! my soul is sad!
I suffer! O my God! come, make me glad.
When he is near, no thoughts of day intrude;
Day has blue heavens, but Baptiste has blue eyes!
Within them shines for me a heaven of love,
A heaven all happiness, like that above,
No more of grief! no more of lassitude!
Earth I forget,—and heaven, and all distresses,
When seated by my side my hand he presses;
But when alone, remember all!

Where is Baptiste? he hears not when I call!
A branch of ivy, dying on the ground,
    I need some bough to twine around!
In pity come! be to my suffering kind!
True love, they say, in grief doth more abound!
    What then—when one is blind?

"Who knows? perhaps I am forsaken!
Ah! woe is me! then bear me to my grave!
    O God! what thoughts within me waken!
Away! he will return! I do but rave!
    He will return! I need not fear!
    He swore it by our Saviour dear;
    He could not come at his own will;
    Is weary, or perhaps is ill!
    Perhaps his heart, in this disguise,
    Prepares for me some sweet surprise!
But some one comes! Though blind, my heart
        can see!
And that deceives me not! 'tis he! 'tis he!"

And the door ajar is set,
    And poor, confiding Margaret
Rises, with outstretched arms, but sightless eyes;
'Tis only Paul, her brother, who thus cries:—
    "Angela the bride has passed!
    I saw the wedding guests go by;
Tell me, my sister, why were we not asked?
    For all are there but you and I!"

"Angela married! and not send
To tell her secret unto me!
O, speak! who may the bridegroom be?"
"My sister, 'tis Baptiste, thy friend!"

A cry the blind girl gave, but nothing said;
A milky whiteness spreads upon her cheeks;
An icy hand, as heavy as lead,
Descending, as her brother speaks,
Upon her heart, that has ceased to beat,
Suspends awhile its life and heat.
She stands beside the boy, now sore distressed,
A wax Madonna as a peasant dressed.

At length, the bridal song again
Brings her back to her sorrow and pain.

"Hark! the joyous airs are ringing!
Sister, dost thou hear them singing?
How merrily they laugh and jest!
Would we were bidden with the rest!
I would don my hose of homespun gray,
And my doublet of linen striped and gay;
Perhaps they will come; for they do not wed
Till to-morrow at seven o'clock, it is said!"
"I know it!" answered Margaret;
Whom the vision, with aspect black as jet,
Mastered again; and its hand of ice
Held her heart crushed, as in a vice!
"Paul, be not sad! 'Tis a holiday;

To-morrow put on thy doublet gay!
But leave me now for a while alone."
Away, with a hop and a jump, went Paul,
And, as he whistled along the hall,
Entered Jane, the crippled crone.

"Holy Virgin! what dreadful heat!
I am faint, and weary, and out of breath!
But thou art cold,—art chill as death;
My little friend! what ails thee, sweet?"
"Nothing! I heard them singing home the bride;
And, as I listened to the song,
I thought my turn would come erelong,
Thou knowest it is at Whitsuntide.
Thy cards forsooth can never lie,
To me such joy they prophesy,
Thy skill shall be vaunted far and wide
When they behold him at my side.
And poor Baptiste, what sayest thou?
It must seem long to him;—methinks I see him now!"
Jane, shuddering, her hand doth press:
"Thy love I cannot all approve;
We must not trust too much to happiness;—
Go, pray to God, that thou mayst love him less!"
"The more I pray, the more I love!
It is no sin, for God is on my side!"
It was enough; and Jane no more replied.

Now to all hope her heart is barred and cold;
But to deceive the beldame old

She takes a sweet, contented air;
Speak of foul weather or of fair,
At every word the maiden smiles!
Thus the beguiler she beguiles;
So that, departing at the evening's close,
She says, "She may be saved! she nothing knows!"

Poor Jane, the cunning sorceress!
Now that thou wouldst, thou art no prophetess!
This morning, in the fulness of thy heart,
Thou wast so, far beyond thine art!

III

NOW rings the bell, nine times reverberating,
And the white daybreak, stealing up the sky,
Sees in two cottages two maidens waiting,
How differently!
Queen of a day, by flatterers caressed,
The one puts on her cross and crown,
Decks with a huge bouquet her breast,
And flaunting, fluttering up and down,
Looks at herself, and cannot rest.
The other, blind, within her little room,
Has neither crown nor flower's perfume;
But in their stead for something gropes apart,
That in a drawer's recess doth lie,

And, 'neath her bodice of bright scarlet dye,
Convulsive clasps it to her heart.

The one, fantastic, light as air,
'Mid kisses ringing,
And joyous singing,
Forgets to say her morning prayer!

The other, with cold drops upon her brow,
Joins her two hands, and kneels upon the floor,
And whispers, as her brother opes the door,
"O God! forgive me now!"

And then the orphan, young and blind,
Conducted by her brother's hand,
Towards the church, through paths unscanned,
With tranquil air, her way doth wind.
Odors of laurel, making her faint and pale,
Round her at times exhale,
And in the sky as yet no sunny ray,
But brumal vapors gray.
Near that castle, fair to see,
Crowded with sculptures old, in every part,
Marvels of nature and of art,
And proud of its name of high degree,
A little chapel, almost bare
At the base of the rock, is builded there;
All glorious that it lifts aloof,
Above each jealous cottage roof,

Its sacred summit, swept by autumn gales,
And its blackened steeple high in air,
Round which the osprey screams and sails.

"Paul, lay thy noisy rattle by!"
Thus Margaret said. "Where are we? we ascend!"
"Yes; seest thou not our journey's end?
Hearest not the osprey from the belfry cry?
The hideous bird, that brings ill luck, we know!
Dost thou remember when our father said,
The night we watched beside his bed,
'O daughter, I am weak and low;
Take care of Paul; I feel that I am dying!'
And thou, and he, and I, all fell to crying?
Then on the roof the osprey screamed aloud;
And here they brought our father in his shroud.
There is his grave; there stands the cross we set;
Why dost thou clasp me so, dear Margaret?
Come in! The bride will be here soon:
Thou tremblest! O my God! thou art going to swoon!"
She could no more,—the blind girl, weak and weary!
A voice seemed crying from that grave so dreary,
"What wouldst thou do, my daughter?"—and she started;
And quick recoiled, aghast, faint-hearted;
But Paul, impatient, urges evermore
Her steps towards the open door;

And when, beneath her feet, the unhappy maid
Crushes the laurel near the house immortal,
And with her head, as Paul talks on again,
Touches the crown of filigrane
Suspended from the low-arched portal,
No more restrained, no more afraid,
She walks, as for a feast arrayed,
And in the ancient chapel's sombre night
They both are lost to sight.

At length the bell,
With booming sound,
Sends forth, resounding round,
Its hymeneal peal o'er rock and down the dell.
It is broad day, with sunshine and with rain;
And yet the guests delay not long,
For soon arrives the bridal train,
And with it brings the village throng.

In sooth, deceit maketh no mortal gay,
For lo! Baptiste on this triumphant day,
Mute as an idiot, sad as yester-morning,
Thinks only of the beldame's words of warning.

And Angela thinks of her cross, I wis;
To be a bride is all! The pretty lisper
Feels her heart swell to hear all round her whisper,
"How beautiful! how beautiful she is!"
But she must calm that giddy head,
For already the Mass is said;
At the holy table stands the priest;

The wedding ring is blessed; Baptiste receives it;
Ere on the finger of the bride he leaves it,
He must pronounce one word at least!
'Tis spoken; and sudden at the groomsman's side
" 'Tis he!" a well-known voice has cried.
And while the wedding guests all hold their breath,
Opes the confessional, and the blind girl, see!
"Baptiste," she said, "since thou hast wished my death,
As holy water be my blood for thee!"
And calmly in the air a knife suspended!
Doubtless her guardian angel near attended,
For anguish did its work so well,
That, ere the fatal stroke descended,
Lifeless she fell!

At eve, instead of bridal verse,
The De Profundis filled the air;
Decked with flowers a simple hearse
To the churchyard forth they bear;
Village girls in robes of snow
Follow, weeping as they go;
Nowhere was a smile that day,
No, ah no! for each one seemed to say:—

"The road should mourn and be veiled in gloom,
So fair a corpse shall leave its home!
Should mourn and should weep, ah, well-away!
So fair a corpse shall pass to-day!"

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

FROM THE NOEI BOURGUIGNON DE GUI BAROZAI

I HEAR along our street
Pass the minstrel throngs;
Hark! they play so sweet,
On their hautboys, Christmas songs!
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

In December ring
Every day the chimes;
Loud the gleemen sing
In the streets their merry rhymes.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire.

Shepherds at the grange,
Where the Babe was born,
Sang, with many a change,
Christmas carols until morn.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

These good people sang
Songs devout and sweet;
While the rafters rang,

There they stood with freezing feet.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire.

Nuns in frigid cells
At this holy tide,
For want of something else,
Christmas songs at times have tried.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

Washerwomen old,
To the sound they beat,
Sing by rivers cold,
With uncovered heads and feet.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire.

Who by the fireside stands
Stamps his feet and sings;
But he who blows his hands
Not so gay a carol brings.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

UNCOLLECTED AND UNACKNOWLEDGED TRANSLATIONS

EDITORIAL NOTE

The insight, ingenuity, versatility and command of expression in translating which marked all of Longfellow's work in this field is more fully illustrated by the inclusion of these uncollected and unacknowledged translations, and together with those hitherto included in his works they furnish ample justification for the remarks in the article on "Longfellow as a translator" which prefaces the tenth volume.

LET ME GO WARM

BY LUIS DE GONGORA Y ARGOTE

From *The New England Magazine,* July, 1831.

Andeme yo caliente y riase la gente.

Let me go warm and merry still;
And let the world laugh, an' it will!

LET others muse on earthly things,
The fall of thrones,—the fate of kings,—
And those whose fame the world doth fill;
Whilst muffins sit enthroned in trays,
And orange-punch in winter sways
The merry sceptre of my days;—
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

He that the royal purple wears,
From golden plate a thousand cares
Doth swallow as a gilded pill:
On feasts like these I turn my back,
Whilst puddings in my roasting-jack
Beside the chimney hiss and crack,—
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

And when the wintry tempest blows,
And January's sleets and snows
Are spread o'er every vale and hill,

With one to tell a merry tale
O'er roasted nuts and humming ale,
I sit, and care not for the gale;—
  And let the world laugh, an' it will.

Let merchants traverse seas and lands,
For silver mines and golden sands,
  Whilst I beside some shadowy rill,
Just where its bubbling fountain swells,
Do sit and gather stones and shells,
And hear the tale the blackbird tells,—
  And let the world laugh, an' it will.

For Hero's sake the Grecian lover
The stormy Hellespont swam over:—
  I cross without the fear of ill,
The wooden bridge that slow bestrides
The Madrigal's enchanting sides,
Or barefoot wade through Yeves' tides,—
  And let the world laugh, an' it will.

But since the fates so cruel prove,
That Pyramus should die of love,
  And love should gentle Thisbe kill;
My Thisbe be an apple-tart,
The sword I plunge into her heart
The tooth that bites the crust apart,
  And let the world laugh, an' it will.

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST

BY LUIS DE GÓNGORA Y ARGOTE

From the article on *Spanish Devotional and Moral Poetry* in *The North American Review,* April, 1832.

TO-DAY from the Aurora's bosom
A pink has fallen,—a crimson blossom:
And oh, how glorious rests the hay
On which the fallen blossom lay.

When silence gently had unfurled
Her mantle over all below,
And, crowned with winter's frost and snow,
Night swayed the sceptre of the world,
Amid the gloom descending slow,
Upon the monarch's frozen bosom
A pink has fallen,—a crimson blossom.

The only flower the Virgin bore
(Aurora fair,) within her breast,
She gave to earth, yet still possessed
Her virgin blossom as before:
The hay that colored drop caressed,—
Received upon its faithful bosom
That single flower,—a crimson blossom.

The manger, unto which 'twas given,
Even amid wintry snows and cold,
Within its fostering arms to fold
The blushing flower that fell from Heaven,

Was as a canopy of gold,—
A downy couch,—where on its bosom
That flower had fallen,—that crimson blossom.

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN

BY LUIS PONCE DE LEON

From the article on *Spanish Devotional and Moral Poetry* in *The North American Review*, April, 1832.

LADY! thine upward flight[1]
The opening heavens receive with joyful song:
Blest, who thy garments bright
May seize, amid the throng,
And to the sacred mount float peacefully along.

Bright angels are around thee,
They that have served thee from thy birth are there:
Their hands with stars have crowned thee;
Thou,—peerless Queen of air,
As sandals to thy feet the silver moon dost wear.

[1] Al cielo vais, Señora,
y allá os reiben con alegre canto:
jo quien pudiese agora
asirse de vuestro manto,
para subir con vos al monte santo!

De angeles sois llevada,
de quien servida sois desde la cuna:

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN

Celestial dove! so meek
And mild and fair!—oh, let thy peaceful eye
This thorny valley seek,
Where such sweet blossoms lie,
But where the sons of Eve in pain and sorrow
sigh.

For if the imprisoned soul
Could catch the brightness of that heavenly way,
'Twould own its sweet control
And gently pass away,
Drawn by its magnet power to an eternal day.

de estiallas coronada
tal reina habrá ningima,
peus por chapin elevais la
blanca lima.

'Volved los blandos ojos,
ave preciosa, sola humilde y
nueva,
al val de los abrojos,
que tales flores lleva,
do suspirando estan los
hijos de Eva.

'Que si con clara vista
mirais las tristes almas de
este suelo,
las subireis de vuelo,
como perfecta piedra de
iman al cielo.'

THE DISEMBODIED SPIRIT

Alma bella! que en este oscuro velo
Cubriste un tiempo tu vigor luciente.

BY HERNANDO DE HERRERA

From *The New England Magazine,* November, 1831.

PURE Spirit! that within a form of clay
Once veiled the brightness of thy native sky;
In dreamless slumber sealed thy burning eye,
Nor heavenward sought to wing thy flight away!
He, that chastised thee, did at length unclose
Thy prison doors, and give thee sweet release;—
Unloosed the mortal coil, eternal peace
Received thee to its stillness and repose.
Look down once more from thy celestial dwelling,
Help me to rise and be immortal there,—
An earthly vapor melting into air;—
For my whole soul, with secret ardor swelling,
From earth's dark mansion struggles to be free,
And longs to soar away and be at rest with thee.

IDEAL BEAUTY

Serena luz, presente en quien espira
Divino amor, que enciende y junto enfrena.

BY HERNANDO DE HERRERA

From *The New England Magazine,* December, 1831.

O Light serene! present in him who breathes
That love divine, which kindles yet restrains
The high-born soul—that in its mortal chains
Heavenward aspires for love's immortal wreaths!
Rich golden locks, within whose clustered curls
Celestial and eternal treasures lie!
A voice that breathes angelic harmony
Among bright coral and unspotted pearls!
What marvellous beauty! Of the high estate
Of immortality, within this light
Transparent veil of flesh, a glimpse is given;
And in the glorious form, I contemplate,
(Although its brightness blinds my feeble sight,)
The immortal still I seek and follow on to Heaven!

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT

Rojo sol, que con hacha luminosa
Coloras el purpureo y alto cielo.

BY HERNANDO DE HERRERA

From *The New England Magazine,* December, 1831.

BRIGHT Sun! that, flaming through the mid-day sky,
Fillest with light heaven's blue, deep-vaulted arch,
Say, hast thou seen in thy celestial march
One hue to rival this blue, tranquil eye?
Thou Summer Wind,—of soft and delicate touch,
Fanning me gently with thy cool, fresh pinion,
Say, hast thou found, in all thy wide dominion,
Tresses of gold, that can delight so much?
Moon, honor of the night! Thou glorious choir
Of wandering Planets and eternal Stars!
Say, have ye seen two peerless orbs like these?
Answer me, Sun, Air, Moon, and Stars of fire—
Hear ye my woes, that know no bounds nor bars?
See ye these cruel stars, that brighten and yet freeze?

ART AND NATURE

Cansa la vista el artificio humano,
Cuanto mayor mas presto, etc.

(*El Arte y la Naturaleza*)

BY FRANCISCO DE MEDRANO

From *The New England Magazine* for October, 1832.

THE works of human artifice soon tire
The curious eye; the fountain's sparkling rill,
And gardens when adorned by human skill,
Reproach the feeble hand, the vain desire.
But, oh, the free and wild magnificence
Of Nature, in her lavish hours, doth steal
In admiration silent and intense
The soul of him who hath a soul to feel.
The river moving on its ceaseless way,
The verdant reach of meadows fair and green,
And the blue hills that bound the sylvan scene;—
These speak of grandeur that defies decay—
Proclaim the eternal Architect on high,
Who stamps on all his works his own eternity.

THE TWO HARVESTS

(*Las dos Mieses*)

BY FRANCISCO DE MEDRANO

Estas ayes, Sorino, rubias mieses,
Brenes manojos hoy de espigas canas: etc.

From *The New England Magazine* for November, 1832.

BUT yesterday these few and hoary sheaves
Waved in the golden harvest;—from the plain
I saw the blade shoot upward, and the grain
Put forth the unripe ear and tender leaves.
Then the glad upland smiled upon the view,
And to the air the broad green leaves unrolled,—
A peerless emerald in each silken fold,
And on each palm a pearl of morning dew.
And thus sprang up and ripened in brief space
All that beneath the reaper's sickle died,—
All that smiled beauteous in the summer-tide.
And what are we?—a copy of that race!
The later harvest of a longer year!
And, oh! how many fall before the ripened ear!

CLEAR HONOR OF THE LIQUID ELEMENT

O claro honor del liquido elemento.

BY LUIS DE GÓNGORA Y ARGOTE

From *The New England Magazine,* August, 1833.

CLEAR honor of the liquid element,
Sweet rivulet of shining silver sheen!
Whose waters steal along the meadows green,
With gentle step, and murmur of content!
When she, for whom I bear each fierce extreme,
Beholds herself in thee,—then Love doth trace
The snow and crimson of that lovely face
In the soft gentle movement of thy stream.
Then, smoothly flow as now; and set not free
The crystal curb and undulating rein,
Which now thy current's headlong speed restrain;
Lest broken and confused the image rest
Of such rare charms on the deep-heaving breast
Of him who holds and sways the trident of the sea.

PRAISE OF LITTLE WOMEN

BY JUAN RUIZ DE HITA

From *Spanish Language and Literature* in *The North American Review,* April, 1833.

I WISH to make my sermon brief, to shorten my oration,
For a never-ending sermon is my utter detestation;
I like short women,—suits at law without procrastination,
And am always most delighted with things of short duration.

A babbler is a laughing-stock, he's a fool who's always grinning,
But little women love so much, one falls in love with sinning.
There are women who are very tall, and yet not worth the winning,
And in the change of short for long repentance finds beginning.

To praise the little women, Love besought me in my musing,
To tell their noble qualities is quite beyond refusing,

So I'll praise the little women, and you'll find
the thing amusing;
They are I know as cold as snow, whilst flames
around diffusing.

They're cold without, whilst warm within the
flame of Love is raging,
They're gay and pleasant in the street,—soft,
cheerful, and engaging,
They're thrifty and discreet at home,—the cares
of life assuaging,
All this and more,—try, and you'll find how
true is my presaging.

In a little precious stone, what splendor meets
the eyes!
In a little lump of sugar how much of sweetness
lies!
So in a little woman love grows and multiplies,
You recollect the proverb says,—A word unto
the wise.

A pepper corn is very small, but seasons every
dinner
More than all other condiments, although 'tis
sprinkled thinner,
Just so a little woman is, if love will let you win
her,—
There's not a joy in all the world you will not
find within her.

And as within the little rose you find the richest
dies,
And in a little grain of gold much price and
value lies,
As from a little balsam much odor doth arise,
So in a little woman there's a taste of paradise.

Even as the little ruby its secret worth betrays,
Color, and price, and virtue,—in the clearness of
its rays,
Just so a little woman much excellence displays,
Beauty, and grace, and love, and fidelity always.

The skylark and the nightingale, though small
and light of wing,
Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all the
birds that sing,
And so a little woman, though a very little thing,
Is sweeter far than sugar, and flowers that bloom
in spring.

The magpie and the golden thrush have many a
thrilling note,
Each as a gay musician doth strain his little
throat,
A merry little songster in his green and yellow
coat,
And such a little woman is, when love doth make
her dote.

There's nought can be compared to her, throughout the wide creation,
She is a paradise on earth,—our greatest consolation,
So cheerful, gay, and happy, so free from all vexation,
In fine she's better in the proof than in anticipation.

If as her size increases are woman's charms decreased,
Then surely it is good to be from all the great released,
Now of two evils choose the less,—said a wise man of the East,
By consequence, of woman-kind be sure to choose the least.

MILAGROS DE NUESTRA SENORA[1]

BY GONZALO DE BERCEO

From the article on *Spanish Language and Literature* in *The North American Review,* April, 1833.

I, GONZALO DE BERCEO, in the gentle summer-tide,
Wending upon a pilgrimage, came to a meadow's side,
All green was it and beautiful, with flowers far and wide,

[1] Miracles of Our Lady.

A pleasant spot, I ween, wherein the traveller
might abide.

Flowers with the sweetest odors filled all the
sunny air,
And not alone refreshed the sense, but stole the
mind from care;
On every side a fountain gushed, whose waters
pure and fair,
Ice-cold beneath the summer sun, but warm in
winter were.

There on the thick and shadowy trees amid the
foliage green,
Were the fig and the pomegranate, the pear and
apple seen;
And other fruits of various kinds, the tufted
leaves between,
None were unpleasant to the tastes and none de-
cayed, I ween.

The verdure of the meadow green,—the odor of
the flowers,
The grateful shadows of the trees,—tempered
with fragrant showers,
Refreshed me in the burning heat of the sultry
noon-tide hours;
Oh one might live upon the balm and fragrance
of those bowers.

Ne'er had I found on earth a spot, that had such
power to please,
Such shadows from the summer sun, such odors
on the breeze;
I threw my mantle on the ground, that I might
rest at ease,
And stretched upon the greensward lay in the
shadow of the trees.

There, soft reclining in the shade, all cares be-
side me flung,
I heard the soft and mellow notes, that through
the woodland rung.
Ear never listened to a strain from instrument
or tongue,
So mellow and harmonious as the songs above me
sung.

SONG OF THE RHINE

From *The Blank Book of a Country Schoolmaster* in *The Knickerbocker Magazine* for September, 1834.

FORTH rolled the Rhine-stream strong and
deep
Beneath Helvetia's Alpine steep,
And joined in youthful company
Its fellow-travellers to the sea.

In Germany embraced the Rhine,
The Neckar, the Mosel, the Lahn, and the Main,

And strengthened by each rushing tide,
Onward he marched in kingly pride.

But soon from his enfeebled grasp
  The satraps of his power,
The current's flowing veins unclasp—
  He moves in pride no more.

Forth the confederate waters broke
  On that rebellious day,
And, bursting from their monarch's yoke,
  Each chose a separate way.

Wahl, Issel, Leck and Wecht, all, all
  Flowed sidewards o'er the land,
And a nameless brook, by Leyden's wall,
  The Rhine sank in sand.

RONDEL

BY CHARLES D'ORLEANS

From the *Origin and Progress of the French Language* in *The North American Review,* April, 1831.

HENCE away, begone, begone,
  Carking care and melancholie!
  Think ye thus to govern me
All my life long, as ye have done?
That shall ye not, I promise ye,
  Reason shall have the masterie.
So hence away, begone, begone,
  Carking care and melancholie.

If ever ye return this way,
  With your mournful company,
A curse be on ye, and the day
  That brings ye moping back to me:
Hence away, begone, I say,
Carking care and melancholie.

A FLORENTINE SONG

From the *Tancia* of Michael Angelo, Act I, Sc. 4.
From the *History of the Italian Language and Dialects*, in *The North American Review*, October, 1832.

IF I am fair, 'tis for myself alone,
  I do not wish to have a sweetheart near me,
  Nor would I call another's heart my own,
Nor have a gallant lover to revere me.
For surely I will plight my faith to none,
Though many an amorous cit would jump to hear me;
For I have heard that lovers prove deceivers,
When once they find that maidens are believers.

Yet should I find one that in truth could please me,
One whom I thought my charms had power to move,
Why then, I do confess the whim might seize me,
To taste for once the porringer of love.

Alas! there is one pair of eyes that tease me,
And then that mouth!—he seems a star above,
He is so good, so gentle, and so kind,
And so unlike the sullen, clownish hind.
What love may be, indeed I cannot tell,
Nor if I e'er have known his cunning arts;
But true it is, there's one I *like* so well,
That when he looks at me my bosom starts;
And, if we meet, my heart begins to swell;
And the green fields around, when he departs,
Seem like a nest, from which the bird has flown:
Can this be love?—say—ye who love have known!

A NEAPOLITAN CANZONET

From the same.

ONE morning, on the sea-shore as I strayed,
My heart dropped in the sand beside the sea;
I asked of yonder mariners, who said
They saw it in thy bosom,—worn by thee.
And I am come to seek that heart of mine,
For I have none, and thou, alas! hast two;
If this be so, dost know what thou shalt do?—
Still keep my heart, and give me, give me thine.

CHRISTMAS CAROL

One of the Neapolitan *Pastorali de' Zampognari.*

From the same.

WHEN Christ was born in Bethlehem,
'Twas night, but seemed the noon of day;
The stars, whose light
Was pure and bright,
Shone with unwavering ray;
But one, one glorious star
Guided the Eastern Magi from afar.

Then peace was spread throughout the land,
The lion fed beside the tender lamb,
And with the kid,
To pasture led,
The spotted leopard fed;
In peace, the calf and bear,
The wolf and lamb reposed together there.

As shepherds watched their flocks by night,
An Angel, brighter than the sun's own light,
Appeared in air,
And gently said,
Fear not,—be not afraid,
For lo! beneath your eyes,
Earth has become a smiling paradise.

A SOLDIER'S SONG

Paraphrase of a Neapolitan popular song.
From the same.

"WHO knocks,—who knocks at my door,
Who knocks, and who can it be?"
"Thy own true lover, betrothed forever,
So open the door to me."

"My mother is not at home,
So I cannot open to thee."
"Why make me wait so long at the gate,
For mercy's sake open to me."

"Thou canst not come in so late,
From the window I'll listen to thee."
"My cloak is old, and the wind blows cold,
So open the door to me."

TELL ME, TELL ME, THOU PRETTY BEE

BY GIOVANNI MELI

From the same.

TELL me, tell me, thou pretty bee,
Whither so early thy flight may be?
Not a neighboring mountain height
Yet blushes with the morning light,

Still the dew on spray and blossom
Trembling shines in the meadow's bosom;
Why do I see thee, then, unfold
Thy soft and dainty wings of gold;—
Those little wings are weary quite,
Still thou holdest thy onward flight,—
Then tell me, tell me, thou pretty bee,
Whither so early thy flight may be.

Thou seekest honey?—if it be so,
Fold up thy wings,—no farther go;
I'll show thee a safe and sacred spot,
Where all the year round 'twill fail thee not.
Knowest thou the maid for whom I sigh,—
Her of the bright and beaming eye?
Endless sweetness shalt thou sip,—
Honied stores upon her lip.
On those lips of brightest red,—
Lips of the beloved maid,—
Sweetest honey lies for thee;—
Sip it,—sip it;—this is she.

SICILIAN CANZONET

From the same.

WHAT shall I do, sweet Nici, tell me,
I burn,—I burn,—I can no more!
I know not how the thing befell me,
But I'm in love, and all is o'er.

One look,—alas! one glance of thine,
One single glance my death shall be;
Even this poor heart no more is mine,
For, Nici, it belongs to thee.

How shall I then my grief repress,
How shall this soul in anguish live?
I fear a *no,*—desire a *yes,*—
But which the answer thou wilt give?
No,—Love,—not so deceived am I;
Soft pity dwells in those bright eyes,
And no tyrannic cruelty
Within that gentle bosom lies.

Then, fairest Nici, speak and say
If I must know thy love or hate;
Oh, do not leave me thus, I pray,
But speak,—be quick,—I cannot wait.
Quick,—I entreat thee;—if not so,
This weary soul no more shall sigh;—
So tell me quickly,—*yes* or *no,*
Which,—which shall be my destiny.

L'ENVOI

YE voices, that arose
After the Evening's close,
And whispered to my restless heart repose!

Go, breathe it in the ear
Of all who doubt and fear,
And say to them, "Be of good cheer!"

Ye sounds, so low and calm,
That in the groves of balm
Seemed to me like an angel's psalm!

Go, mingle yet once more
With the perpetual roar
Of the pine forest, dark and hoar!

Tongues of the dead, not lost,
But speaking from death's frost,
Like fiery tongues at Pentecost!

Glimmer, as funeral lamps,
Amid the chills and damps
Of the vast plain where Death encamps!

BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS

1841

EDITORIAL NOTE

"Ballads and other poems"—the second of the slim little volumes of poetry which Longfellow published, came out in 1841 from the press of the same publishers that issued "Voices of the Night." It was bound in yellow glazed boards with a paper label, and it sold very readily, a large paper edition being printed after the first two were exhausted. This volume contained many of the poems which have endeared Longfellow to the heart of everyone who speaks the English tongue, and which have made him preeminently the poet of the home.

Longfellow originally intended to call the volume "The Skeleton in Armor," but he later on did not consider it appropriate and adopted the present title. He doubted very much the advisability of including "The Children of the Lord's Supper," and indeed had given the publisher orders to cancel it after the sheets were printed, feeling that it needed further revision. —But persuaded by his friend Samuel Ward he allowed it to remain.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR[1]

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies,
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse

[1] Ballad for chorus and orchestra. Music by Arthur Foote, piano accomp., Boston, Schmidt, 1892.

Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
  For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
  Tamed the gerfalcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
  Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
  Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
  Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
  With the marauders,
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
  By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long Winter out;
Often our midnight shout
  Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's [1] tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
  Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
  Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
  Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
  Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
  By the hawk frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,

[1] Berserk, or Berserker, was a mythological hero who, mad with intoxicants, fought naked and heeded not his wounds. C. W.

Loud sang the minstrels all
  Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
  To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
  The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
  Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
  I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
  Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,
Fairest of all was she
  Among the Norsemen!
When on the white sea-strand,

Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
  With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
  When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
  Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
  Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
  Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
  With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
  Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
  Stretching to lee-ward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
  Stands looking sea-ward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
  She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
  On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
  The sun-light hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
  O, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
  My soul ascended!

There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *skoal!*"
Thus the tale ended.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS[1]

IT was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

[1] Cantata, Music by James Hyde, King William's Town, South Africa (composed for the members of King William's Town Choral Society, 189—).

Cantata for solo voices and chorus. Music by T. Anderton, London, 1882.

Sop. Ten. Bar. Soli, music by Arthur Foote, Boston, Schmidt, 1888.

Music for female trio by L. R. Parker, London, Cock, 1878 (?); also set to music by T. Blockley and J. L. Hatton.

Then up and spake an old Sailor,
    Had sailed to the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
    For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
    And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
    And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
    A gale from the Northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
    And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain,
    The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
    Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
    And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale,
    That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
    Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
    And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
" 'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.[1]

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Tow'rds the reef of Norman's Woe.[2]

[1] See Mark, ch. iv, v. 35–41.
[2] Off the coast of Gloucester, Mass. C. W.

And ever the fitful gusts between
    A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
    On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
    She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
    Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
    Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
    Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
    With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
    Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
    A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
    Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
    The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
    On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH [1]

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,

[1] This is as popular in England and wherever the English language is spoken as any verse that has ever been written in our tongue. C. W.

Set to music as solo by D. A. Warden and by W. H. Wells.

Mixed chorus, piano, and organ, anvil chorus, music by Charles F. Noyes, Boston, Ditson, 1898.

Chorus (mixed) with piano, organ and anvil accomp. Music by Charles Noyer, Ditson & Co., Boston, 1898.

With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
  For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
  Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
  Each burning deed and thought!

ENDYMION

THE rising moon has hid the stars;
  Her level rays, like golden bars,
  Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
  Had dropt her silver bow
  Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,
She woke Endymion with a kiss,
  When, sleeping in the grove,
  He dreamed not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought;
  Nor voice, nor sound betrays
  Its deep, impassioned gaze.

It comes,—the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity,—
In silence and alone
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep,
Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,
And kisses the closed eyes
Of him, who slumbering lies.

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!
O drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Responds,—as if with unseen wings,
An angel touched its quivering strings;
And whispers, in its song,
"Where hast thou stayed so long!"

THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR

FROM THE GERMAN OF PFIZER

A YOUTH, light-hearted and content,
I wander through the world;
Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent
And straight again is furled.

Yet oft I dream, that once a wife
Close in my heart was locked,
And in the sweet repose of life
A blessed child I rocked.

I wake! Away that dream,—away!
Too long did it remain!
So long, that both by night and day
It ever comes again.

The end lies ever in my thought;
To a grave so cold and deep
The mother beautiful was brought;
Then dropt the child asleep.

But now the dream is wholly o'er,
I bathe mine eyes and see;
And wander through the world once more,
A youth so light and free.

Two locks,—and they are wondrous fair,—
  Left me that vision mild;
The brown is from the mother's hair,
  The blond is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold,
  Pale grows the evening-red;
And when the dark lock I behold,
  I wish that I were dead.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY[1]

No hay pájaros en los nidos de antaño.[2]
Spanish Proverb.

THE sun is bright,—the air is clear,
  The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
  The blue-bird prophesying Spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,
  It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where waiting till the west wind blows,
  The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new;—the buds, the leaves,
  That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,
And even the nest beneath the eaves;—
  There are no birds in last year's nest!

[1] Set to music by C. Gounod.
[2] There are no birds in last year's nests. C. W.

All things rejoice in youth and love,
  The fulness of their first delight!
And learn from the soft heavens above
  The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,
  Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
  For O! it is not always May!

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,
  To some good angel leave the rest;
For Time will teach thee soon the truth,
  There are no birds in last year's nest!

THE RAINY DAY[1]

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
  It rains, and the wind is never weary;
  The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
  And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,

[1] Set to music by J. Barnby, by A. H. Behrend, by "Camille," by E. Rudersdorff and quartet by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

GOD'S-ACRE

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those, who in the grave have sown
The seed, that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith, that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;

And each bright blossom, mingle its perfume
With that of flowers, which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God,
This is the place, where human harvests grow!

TO THE RIVER CHARLES

RIVER! that in silence windest
Through the meadows, bright and free,
Till at length thy rest thou findest
In the bosom of the sea!

Four long years of mingled feeling,
Half in rest, and half in strife,
I have seen thy waters stealing
Onward, like the stream of life.

Thou hast taught me, Silent River!
Many a lesson, deep and long;
Thou hast been a generous giver;
I can give thee but a song.

Oft in sadness and in illness,
I have watched thy current glide,

Till the beauty of its stillness
  Overflowed me, like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,
  When I saw thy waters gleam,
I have felt my heart beat lighter,
  And leap onward with thy stream.

Not for this alone I love thee,
  Nor because thy waves of blue
From celestial seas above thee
  Take their own celestial hue.

Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,
  And thy waters disappear,
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,
  And have made thy margin dear.

More than this;—thy name reminds me
  Of three friends, all true and tried;[1]
And that name, like magic, binds me
  Closer, closer to thy side.

Friends my soul with joy remembers!
  How like quivering flames they start,
When I fan the living embers
  On the hearth-stone of my heart!

[1] Charles Sumner, Charles Folsom, Charles Amory. This recalls Tennyson's "In the Garden at Swainston," and its "Shadows of Three Dead Men." C. W.

'Tis for this, thou Silent River!
That my spirit leans to thee;
Thou hast been a generous giver,
Take this idle song from me.

BLIND BARTIMEUS [1]

BLIND Bartimeus at the gates
Of Jericho in darkness waits;
He hears the crowd;—he hears a breath
Say, "It is Christ of Nazareth!"
And calls, in tones of agony,
Ἰησοῦ ἐλέησόν με! [2]

The thronging multitudes increase;
Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace!
But still, above the noisy crowd,
The beggar's cry is shrill and loud;
Until they say, "He calleth thee!"
Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, φωνεῖ σε! [3]

Then saith the Christ, as silent stands
The crowd, "What wilt thou at my hands?"
And he replies, "O give me light!
Rabbi, restore the blind man's sight!"
And Jesus answers, "Ὑπαγε·
Ἡ *πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!* [4]

[1] See Mark, ch. x, v. 46–52.
[2] Jesus have pity on me.
[3] "Be of good cheer: rise, he calleth thee."
[4] "Go thy way thy faith hath saved thee."

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see,
In darkness and in misery,
Recall those mighty Voices Three,

Ἰησοῦ ἐλέησόν με!
Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, ὕπαγε!
Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε![1]

THE GOBLET OF LIFE

FILLED is Life's goblet to the brim;
And though my eyes with tears are dim,
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,
And chant a melancholy hymn
With solemn voice and slow.

No purple flowers,—no garlands green,
Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen,
Nor maddening draughts of Hippocrene,
Like gleams of sunshine, flash between
Thick leaves of misletoe.

This goblet, wrought with curious art,
Is filled with waters, that upstart,
When the deep fountains of the heart,
By strong convulsions rent apart,
Are running all to waste.

[1] This repeats the words in stanzas 1, 2, and 3, omitting the words "he calleth thee." C. W.

And as it mantling passes round,
With fennel is it wreathed and crowned,
Whose seed and foliage sun-imbrowned
Are in its waters steeped and drowned,
  And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towers,
The fennel, with its yellow flowers,
And in an earlier age than ours
Was gifted with the wondrous powers,
  Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength, and fearless mood;
And gladiators, fierce and rude,
Mingled it in their daily food;
And he who battled and subdued,
  A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in Life's goblet freely press,
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the colored waters less,
For in thy darkness and distress
  New light and strength they give!

And he who has not learned to know
How false its sparkling bubbles show,
How bitter are the drops of woe,
With which its brim may overflow,
  He has not learned to live.

The prayer of Ajax was for light;
Through all that dark and desperate fight,
The blackness of that noonday night,
He asked but the return of sight,
  To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light,—for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care,
That crushes into dumb despair
  One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
  Patient, though sorely tried!

I pledge you in this cup of grief,
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf!
The Battle of our Life is brief,
The alarm,—the struggle,—the relief,
  Then sleep we side by side.

MAIDENHOOD

MAIDEN! with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands,—Life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;—
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds, that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

EXCELSIOR[1]

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

[1] Set to music. Solos by J. Blockley, by S. Glover, by M. Lindsay. Duet by M. W. Balfe. Trio by F. Berger.

"This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before."—St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians, ch. iii, v, 13.

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last Good-night,
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice,
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER

FROM THE SWEDISH OF BISHOP TEGNÉR

THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER

PENTECOST, day of rejoicing, had come.
The church of the village
Gleaming stood in the morning's sheen.
On the spire of the belfry,
Tipped with a vane of metal, the friendly flames of the Spring-sun
Glanced like the tongues of fire, beheld by Apostles aforetime.
Clear was the heaven and blue, and May, with her cap crowned with roses,
Stood in her holiday dress in the fields, and the wind and the brooklet
Murmured gladness and peace, God's-peace! with lips rosy-tinted
Whispered the race of the flowers, and merry on balancing branches
Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant hymn to the Highest.
Swept and clean was the churchyard. Adorned like a leaf-woven arbor
Stood its old-fashioned gate; and within upon each cross of iron
Hung was a fragrant garland, new twined by the hands of affection.

Even the dial, that stood on a hillock among the departed,
(There full a hundred years had it stood,) was embellished with blossoms.
Like to the patriarch hoary, the sage of his kith and the hamlet,
Who on his birthday is crowned by children and children's children,
So stood the ancient prophet, and mute with his pencil of iron
Marked on the tablet of stone, and measured the time and its changes,
While all around at his feet, an eternity slumbered in quiet.
Also the church within was adorned, for this was the season
When the young, their parents' hope, and the loved-ones of heaven,
Should at the foot of the altar renew the vows of their baptism.
Therefore each nook and corner was swept and cleaned, and the dust was
Blown from the walls and ceiling, and from the oil-painted benches.
There stood the church like a garden; the Feast of the Leafy Pavilions
Saw we in living presentment. From noble arms on the church wall
Grew forth a cluster of leaves, and the preacher's pulpit of oak-wood

Budded once more anew, as aforetime the rod
before Aaron.
Wreathed thereon was the Bible with leaves, and
the dove, washed with silver,
Under its canopy fastened, had on it a necklace
of wind-flowers.
But in front of the choir, round the altar-piece
painted by Hörberg,
Crept a garland gigantic; and bright-curling
tresses of angels
Peeped, like the sun from a cloud, from out of
the shadowy leaf-work.
Likewise the lustre of brass, new-polished,
blinked from the ceiling,
And for lights there were lilies of Pentecost set
in the sockets.

Loud rang the bells already; the thronging
crowd was assembled
Far from valleys and hills, to list to the holy
preaching.
Hark! then roll forth at once the mighty tones
of the organ,
Hover like voices from God, aloft like invis-
ible spirits.
Like as Elias in heaven, when he cast from off
him his mantle,
So cast off the soul its garments of earth; and
with one voice

Chimed in the congregation, and sang an anthem immortal
Of the sublime Wallín, of David's harp in the North-land
Tuned to the choral of Luther; the song on its mighty pinions
Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to heaven,
And each face did shine like the Holy One's face upon Tabor.
Lo! there entered then into the church the Reverend Teacher.
Father he hight and he was in the parish; a Christianly plainness
Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of seventy winters.
Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding angel
Walked he among the crowds, but still a contemplative grandeur
Lay on his forehead as clear, as on moss-covered gravestone a sunbeam.
As in his inspiration (an evening twilight that faintly
Gleams in the human soul, even now, from the day of creation)
Th' Artist, the friend of heaven, imagines Saint John when in Patmos,
Gray, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, so seemed then the old man;

Such was the glance of his eye, and such were his tresses of silver.
All the congregation arose in the pews that were numbered.
But with a cordial look, to the right and the left hand, the old man
Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in the innermost chancel.

Simply and solemnly now proceeded the Christian service,
Singing and prayer, and at last an ardent discourse from the old man.
Many a moving word and warning, that out of the heart came
Fell like the dew of the morning, like manna on those in the desert.
Then, when all was finished, the Teacher re-entered the chancel,
Followed therein by the young. The boys on the right had their places,
Delicate figures, with close-curling hair and cheeks rosy-blooming.
But on the left of these, there stood the tremulous lilies,
Tinged with the blushing light of the dawn, the diffident maidens,—
Folding their hands in prayer, and their eyes cast down on the pavement.

Now came, with question and answer, the catechism. In the beginning
Answered the children with troubled and faltering voice, but the old man's
Glances of kindness encouraged them soon, and the doctrines eternal
Flowed, like the waters of fountains, so clear from lips unpolluted.
Each time the answer was closed, and as oft as they named the Redeemer,
Lowly louted the boys, and lowly the maidens all courtesied.
Friendly the Teacher stood, like an angel of light there among them,
And to the children explained the holy, the highest, in few words,
Thorough, yet simple and clear, for sublimity always is simple,
Both in sermon and song, a child can seize on its meaning.
E'en as the green-growing bud unfolds when Spring-tide approaches
Leaf by leaf puts forth, and, warmed by the radiant sunshine,
Blushes with purple and gold, till at last the perfected blossom
Opens its odorous chalice, and rocks with its crown in the breezes,
So was unfolded here the Christian lore of salvation,

Line by line from the soul of childhood. The fathers and mothers
Stood behind them in tears, and were glad at the well-worded answer.

Now went the old man up to the altar;—and straightway transfigured
(So did it seem unto me) was then the affectionate Teacher.
Like the Lord's Prophet sublime, and awful as Death and as Judgment
Stood he, the God-commissioned, the soul-searcher, earthward descending.
Glances, sharp as a sword, into hearts, that to him were transparent
Shot he; his voice was deep, was low like the thunder afar off.
So on a sudden transfigured he stood there, he spake and he questioned.

"This is the faith of the Fathers, the faith the Apostles delivered,
This is moreover the faith whereunto I baptized you, while still ye
Lay on your mothers' breasts, and nearer the portals of heaven.
Slumbering received you then the Holy Church in its bosom;
Wakened from sleep are ye now, and the light in its radiant splendor

Downward rains from the heaven;—to-day on the threshold of childhood
Kindly she frees you again, to examine and make your election,
For she knows naught of compulsion, and only conviction desireth.
This is the hour of your trial, the turning-point of existence,
Seed for the coming days; without revocation departeth
Now from your lips the confession; Bethink ye, before ye make answer!
Think not, O think not with guile to deceive the questioning Teacher.
Sharp is his eye to-day, and a curse ever rests upon falsehood.
Enter not with a lie on Life's journey; the multitude hears you,
Brothers and sisters and parents, what dear upon earth is and holy
Standeth before your sight as a witness; the Judge everlasting
Looks from the sun down upon you, and angels in waiting beside him
Grave your confession in letters of fire upon tablets eternal.
Thus then,—believe ye in God, in the Father who this world created?
Him who redeemed it, the Son, and the Spirit where both are united?

Will ye promise me here, (a holy promise!) to cherish
God more than all things earthly, and every man as a brother?
Will ye promise me here, to confirm your faith by your living,
Th' heavenly faith of affection! to hope, to forgive, and to suffer,
Be what it may your condition, and walk before God in uprightness?
Will ye promise me this before God and man?"—With a clear voice
Answered the young men Yes! and Yes! with lips softly-breathing
Answered the maidens eke. Then dissolved from the brow of the Teacher
Clouds with the lightnings therein, and he spake in accents more gentle,
Soft as the evening's breath, as harps by Babylon's rivers.

"Hail, then, hail to you all! To the heirdom of heaven be ye welcome!
Children no more from this day, but by covenant brothers and sisters!
Yet,—for what reason not children? Of such is the kingdom of heaven.
Here upon earth an assemblage of children, in heaven one father,

Ruling them all as his household,— forgiving in turn and chastising,
That is of human life a picture, as Scripture has taught us.
Blest are the pure before God! Upon purity and upon virtue
Resteth the Christian Faith; she herself from on high is descended.
Strong as a man and pure as a child, is the sum of the doctrine,
Which the Divine One taught, and suffered and died on the cross for.
O, as ye wander this day from childhood's sacred asylum
Downward and ever downward, and deeper in Age's chill valley,
O, how soon will ye come,—too soon!—and long to turn backward
Up to its hill-tops again, to the sun-illumined, where Judgment
Stood like a father before you, and Pardon, clad like a mother,
Gave you her hand to kiss, and the loving heart was forgiven,
Life was a play and your hands grasped after the roses of heaven!
Seventy years have I lived already; the father eternal
Gave me gladness and care; but the loveliest hours of existence,

When I have steadfastly gazed in their eyes, I have instantly known them,
Known them all again;—they were my childhood's acquaintance.
Therefore take from henceforth, as guides in the paths of existence,
Prayer, with her eyes raised to heaven, and Innocence, bride of man's childhood.
Innocence, child beloved, is a guest from the world of the blessed,
Beautiful, and in her hand a lily; on life's roaring billows
Swings she in safety, she heedeth them not, in the ship she is sleeping.
Calmly she gazes around in the turmoil of men; in the desert
Angels descend and minister unto her; she herself knoweth
Naught of her glorious attendance; but follows faithful and humble,
Follows so long as she may her friend; O do not reject her,
For she cometh from God and she holdeth the keys of the heavens.—
Prayer is Innocence' friend; and willingly flyeth incessant
'Twixt the earth and the sky, the carrier-pigeon of heaven.
Son of Eternity, fettered in Time, and an exile, the Spirit

Tugs at his chains evermore, and struggles like flame ever upward.
Still he recalls with emotion his father's manifold mansions,
Thinks of the land of his fathers, where blossomed more freshly the flowerets,
Shone a more beautiful sun, and he played with the wingèd angels.
Then grows the earth too narrow, too close; and homesick for heaven
Longs the wanderer again; and the Spirit's longings are worship;
Worship is called his most beautiful hour, and its tongue is entreaty.
Ah! when the infinite burden of life descendeth upon us,
Crushes to earth our hope, and, under the earth, in the graveyard,
Then it is good to pray unto God; for his sorrowing children
Turns he ne'er from his door, but he heals and helps and consoles them.
Yet is it better to pray when all things are prosperous with us,
Pray in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful Fortune
Kneels before the Eternal's throne; and, with hands interfolded,
Praises thankful and moved the only giver of blessings.

Or do ye know, ye children, one blessing that comes not from Heaven?
What has mankind forsooth, the poor! that it has not received?
Therefore, fall in the dust and pray! The seraphs adoring
Cover with pinions six their faces in the glory of him who
Hung his masonry pendant on naught, when the world he created.
Earth declareth his might, and the firmament utters his glory.
Races blossom and die, and stars fall downward from heaven,
Downward like withered leaves; at the last stroke of midnight, millenniums
Lay themselves down at his feet, and he sees them, but counts them as nothing.
Who shall stand in his presence? The wrath of the judge is terrific,
Casting the insolent down at a glance. When he speaks in his anger
Hillocks skip like the kid, and mountains leap like the roebuck.
Yet,—why are ye afraid, ye children? This awful avenger,
Ah! is a merciful God! God's voice was not in the earthquake,
Not in the fire, nor the storm, but it was in the whispering breezes.

Love is the root of creation; God's essence; worlds without number
Lie in his bosom like children; he made them for this purpose only.
Only to love and to be loved again, he breathed forth his spirit
Into the slumbering dust, and upright standing, it laid its
Hand on its heart, and felt it was warm with a flame out of heaven.
Quench, O quench not that flame! It is the breath of your being.
Love is life, but hatred is death. Not father, nor mother
Loved you, as God has loved you; for 'twas that you may be happy
Gave he his only son. When he bowed down his head in the death-hour
Solemnized Love its triumph; the sacrifice then was completed.
Lo! then was rent on a sudden the vail of the temple, dividing
Earth and heaven apart, and the dead from their sepulchres rising
Whispered with pallid lips and low in the ears of each other
Th' answer, but dreamed of before, to creation's enigma,—Atonement!
Depths of Love are Atonement's depths, for Love is Atonement.

Therefore, the child of mortality, love thou the merciful Father;
Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from fear, but affection;
Fear is the virtue of slaves; but the heart that loveth is willing;
Perfect was before God, and perfect is Love, and Love only.
Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest thou likewise thy brethren;
One is the sun in heaven, and one, only one, is Love also.
Bears not each human figure the godlike stamp on his forehead?
Readest thou not in his face thine origin? Is he not sailing
Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown, and is he not guided
By the same stars that guide thee? Why shouldst thou hate then thy brother?
Hateth he thee, forgive! For 'tis sweet to stammer one letter
Of the Eternal's language;—on earth it is callèd Forgiveness!
Knowest thou Him, who forgave, with the crown of thorns on his temples?
Earnestly prayed for his foes, for his murderers? Say, dost thou know him?
Ah! thou confessest his name, so follow likewise his example,

Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil over
his failings,
Guide the erring aright; for the good, the heavenly shepherd
Took the lost lamb in his arms, and bore it back
to its mother.
This is the fruit of Love, and it is by its fruits
that we know it.
Love is the creature's welfare, with God; but
Love among mortals
Is but an endless sigh! He longs, and endures,
and stands waiting,
Suffers and yet rejoices, and smiles with tears on
his eyelids.
Hope,—so is called upon earth, his recompense,
—Hope, the befriending,
Does what she can, for she points evermore up
to heaven, and faithful
Plunges her anchor's peak in the depths of the
grave, and beneath it
Paints a more beautiful world, a dim, but a sweet
play of shadows!
Races, better than we, have leaned on her wavering promise,
Having naught else but Hope. Then praise we
our Father in heaven,
Him, who has given us more; for to us has
Hope been transfigured,
Groping no longer in night; she is Faith, she is
living assurance.

Faith is enlightened Hope; she is light, is the eye of affection,
Dreams of the longing interprets, and carves their visions in marble.
Faith is the sun of life; and her countenance shines like the Hebrew's,
For she has looked upon God; the heaven on its stable foundation
Draws she with chains down to earth, and the New Jerusalem sinketh
Splendid with portals twelve in golden vapors descending.
There enraptured she wanders, and looks at the figures majestic,
Fears not the wingèd crowd, in the midst of them all is her homestead.
Therefore love and believe; for works will follow spontaneous
Even as day does the sun; the Right from the Good is an offspring,
Love in a bodily shape; and Christian works are no more than
Animate Love and faith, as flowers are the animate spring-tide.
Works do follow us all unto God; there stand and bear witness
Not what they seemed,—but what they were only. Blessed is he who
Hears their confession secure; they are mute upon earth until death's hand

Opens the mouth of the silent. Ye children, does Death e'er alarm you?
Death is the brother of Love, twin-brother is he, and is only
More austere to behold. With a kiss upon lips that are fading
Takes he the soul and departs, and rocked in the arms of affection,
Places the ransomed child, new born, 'fore the face of its father.
Sounds of his coming already I hear,—see dimly his pinions,
Swart as the night, but with stars strewn upon them! I fear not before him.
Death is only release, and in mercy is mute. On his bosom
Freer breathes, in its coolness, my breast; and face to face standing
Look I on God as he is, a sun unpolluted by vapors;
Look on the light of the ages I loved, the spirits majestic,
Nobler, better than I; they stand by the throne all transfigured,
Vested in white, and with harps of gold, and are singing an anthem,
Writ in the climate of heaven, in the language spoken by angels.
You, in like manner, ye children beloved, he one day shall gather,

Never forgets he the weary;—then welcome, ye loved ones, hereafter!
Meanwhile forget not the keeping of vows, forget not the promise,
Wander from holiness onward to holiness; earth shall ye heed not;
Earth is but dust and heaven is light; I have pledged you to heaven.
God of the universe, hear me! thou fountain of Love everlasting,
Hark to the voice of thy servant! I send up my prayer to thy heaven!
Let me hereafter not miss at thy throne one spirit of all these,
Whom thou hast given me here! I have loved them all like a father.
May they bear witness for me, that I taught them the way of salvation,
Faithful, so far as I knew, of thy word; again may they know me,
Fall on their Teacher's breast, and before thy face may I place them,
Pure as they now are, but only more tried, and exclaiming with gladness,
Father, lo! I am here, and the children, whom thou hast given me!"

Weeping he spake in these words; and now at the beck of the old man

Knee against knee they knitted a wreath round the altar's enclosure.
Kneeling he read then the prayers of the consecration, and softly
With him the children read; at the close, with tremulous accents,
Asked he the peace of heaven, a benediction upon them.
Now should have ended his task for the day; the following Sunday
Was for the young appointed to eat of the Lord's holy Supper.
Sudden, as struck from the clouds, stood the Teacher silent and laid his
Hand on his forehead, and cast his looks upward; while thoughts high and holy
Flew through the midst of his soul, and his eyes glanced with wonderful brightness.
"On the next Sunday, who knows! perhaps I shall rest in the graveyard!
Some one perhaps of yourselves, a lily broken untimely,
Bow down his head to the earth; why delay I? the hour is accomplished.
Warm is the heart;—I will! for to-day grows the harvest of heaven.
What I began accomplish I now; what failing therein is
I, the old man, will answer to God and the reverend father.

Say to me only, ye children, ye denizens new-
come in heaven,
Are ye ready this day to eat of the bread of
Atonement?
What it denoteth, that know ye full well, I have
told it you often.
Of the new covenant symbol it is, of Atonement
a token,
Stablished between earth and heaven. Man by
his sins and transgressions
Far has wandered from God, from his essence.
'Twas in the beginning
Fast by the Tree of Knowledge he fell, and it
hangs its crown o'er the
Fall to this day; in the Thought is the Fall; in
the Heart the Atonement.
Infinite is the fall,—the Atonement infinite like-
wise.
See! behind me, as far as the old man remembers,
and forward,
Far as Hope in her flight can reach with her
wearied pinions,
Sin and Atonement incessant go through the
life-time of mortals.
Sin is brought forth full-grown; but Atonement
sleeps in our bosoms
Still as the cradled babe; and dreams of heaven
and of angels,
Cannot awake to sensation; is like the tones in
the harp's strings,

Spirits imprisoned, that wait evermore the deliverer's finger.
Therefore, ye children beloved, descended the Prince of Atonement,
Woke the slumberer from sleep, and she stands now with eyes all resplendent,
Bright as the vault of the sky, and battles with Sin and o'ercomes her.
Downward to earth he came and transfigured, thence reascended,
Not from the heart in like wise, for there he still lives in the Spirit,
Loves and atones evermore. So long as Time is, is Atonement.
Therefore with reverence take this day her visible token.
Tokens are dead if the things live not. The light everlasting
Unto the blind is not, but is born of the eye that has vision.
Neither in bread nor in wine, but in the heart that is hallowed
Lieth forgiveness enshrined; the intention alone of amendment
Fruits of the earth ennobles to heavenly things, and removes all
Sin and the guerdon of sin. Only Love with his arms wide extended,
Penitence weeping and praying; the Will that is tried, and whose gold flows

Purified forth from the flames; in a word, mankind by Atonement
Breaketh Atonement's bread, and drinketh Atonement's wine-cup.
But he who cometh up hither, unworthy, with hate in his bosom,
Scoffing at men and at God, is guilty of Christ's blessed body,
And the Redeemer's blood! To himself he eateth and drinketh
Death and doom! And from this, preserve us, thou heavenly Father!
Are you ready, ye children, to eat of the bread of Atonement?"
Thus with emotion he asked, and together answered the children,
"Yes!" with deep sobs interrupted. Then read he the due supplications,
Read the Form of Communion, and in chimed the organ and anthem:
"O Holy Lamb of God, who takest away our transgressions,
Hear us! give us thy peace! have mercy, have mercy upon us!"
Th' old man, with trembling hand, and heavenly pearls on his eyelids,
Filled now the chalice and paten, and dealt round the mystical symbols.
O, then seemed it to me as if God, with the broad eye of midday,

Clearer looked in at the windows, and all the trees in the churchyard
Bowed down their summits of green, and the grass on the graves 'gan to shiver.
But in the children, (I noted it well; I knew it) there ran a
Tremor of holy rapture along through their ice-cold members.
Decked like an altar before them, there stood the green earth, and above it
Heaven opened itself, as of old before Stephen; they saw there
Radiant in glory the Father, and on his right hand the Redeemer.
Under them hear they the clang of harpstrings, and angels from gold clouds
Beckon to them like brothers, and fan with their pinions of purple.

Closed was the Teacher's task, and with heaven in their hearts and their faces,
Up rose the children all, and each bowed him, weeping full sorely,
Downward to kiss that reverend hand, but all of them pressed he
Moved to his bosom, and laid, with a prayer, his hands full of blessings,
Now on the holy breast, and now on the innocent tresses.

POEMS ON SLAVERY

1842

[The following poems, with one exception, were written at sea, in the latter part of October, 1842. I had not then heard of Dr. Channing's death. Since that event, the poem addressed to him is no longer appropriate. I have decided, however, to let it remain as it was written, in testimony of my admiration for a great and good man.]

EDITORIAL NOTE

These eight poems on Slavery were issued in a little volume—with untrimmed leaves and glazed paper covers—by John Owen of Cambridge in 1842. They were as the poet tells us written on shipboard during Longfellow's voyage home from Europe in the latter part of 1842. A second edition followed at once after the publication of the first, and seven of the poems were reprinted by the New England Anti-Slavery Society as an eight-page pamphlet, in which form they had a wide circulation and a powerful influence.

These poems went far to wake in the youth of New England a sense of the great national wrong of slavery, and to prepare the people for that long and bitter struggle in which it was wiped out at the expense of so many thousands of precious lives.

TO WILLIAM E. CHANNING

THE pages of thy book I read,
And as I closed each one,
My heart, responding, ever said,
"Servant of God! well done!"

Well done! Thy words are great and bold;
At times they seem to me,
Like Luther's, in the days of old,
Half-battles for the free.

Go on, until this land revokes
The old and chartered Lie,
The feudal curse, whose whips and yokes
Insult humanity.

A voice is ever at thy side
Speaking in tones of might,
Like the prophetic voice, that cried
To John in Patmos, "Write!"

Write! and tell out this bloody tale;
Record this dire eclipse,
This Day of Wrath, this Endless Wail,
This dread Apocalypse!

THE SLAVE'S DREAM

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand.
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode;
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand!—
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
  The bright flamingoes flew;
From morn till night he followed their flight,
  O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
  And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
  And the hyæna scream,
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds
  Beside some hidden stream;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
  Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
  Shouted of liberty;
And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,
  With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled
  At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
  Nor the burning heat of day;
For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
  And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
  Had broken and thrown away!

THE GOOD PART, THAT SHALL NOT BE TAKEN AWAY

SHE dwells by Great Kenhawa's side,
In valleys green and cool;
And all her hope and all her pride
Are in the village school.

Her soul, like the transparent air
That robes the hills above,
Though not of earth, encircles there
All things with arms of love.

And thus she walks among her girls
With praise and mild rebukes;
Subduing e'en rude village churls
By her angelic looks.

She reads to them at eventide
Of One who came to save;
To cast the captive's chains aside
And liberate the slave.

And oft the blessed time foretells
When all men shall be free;
And musical, as silver bells,
Their falling chains shall be.

And following her beloved Lord,
In decent poverty,

She makes her life one sweet record
  And deed of charity.

For she was rich, and gave up all
  To break the iron bands
Of those who waited in her hall,
  And labored in her lands.

Long since beyond the Southern Sea
  Their outbound sails have sped,
While she, in meek humility,
  Now earns her daily bread.

It is their prayers, which never cease,
  That clothe her with such grace;
Their blessing is the light of peace
  That shines upon her face.

THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP[1]

IN dark fens of the Dismal Swamp
  The hunted Negro lay;
He saw the fire of the midnight camp,
And heard at times a horse's tramp
  And a bloodhound's distant bay.

Where will-o'-the-wisps and glow-worms shine,
  In bulrush and in brake;

[1] This was a favorite piece for declamation among English schoolboys in the early fifties and sixties. C. W.

Where waving mosses shroud the pine,
And the cedar grows, and the poisonous vine
  Is spotted like the snake;

Where hardly a human foot could pass,
  Or a human heart would dare,
On the quaking turf of the green morass
He crouched in the rank and tangled grass,
  Like a wild beast in his lair.

A poor old slave, infirm and lame;
  Great scars deformed his face;
On his forehead he bore the brand of shame,
And the rags, that hid his mangled frame,
  Were the livery of disgrace.

All things above were bright and fair,
  All things were glad and free;
Lithe squirrels darted here and there,
And wild birds filled the echoing air
  With songs of Liberty!

On him alone was the doom of pain,
  From the morning of his birth;
On him alone the curse of Cain
Fell, like a flail on the garnered grain,
  And struck him to the earth!

THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT

LOUD he sang the psalm of David!
He, a Negro and enslaved,
Sang of Israel's victory,
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour, when night is calmest,
Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist,
In a voice so sweet and clear
That I could not choose but hear,

Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,
Such as reached the swart Egyptians,
When upon the Red Sea coast
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion
Filled my soul with strange emotion;
For its tones by turns were glad,
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,
Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen,
And an earthquake's arm of might
Broke their dungeon-gates at night.

But, alas! what holy angel
Brings the Slave this glad evangel?
And what earthquake's arm of might
Breaks his dungeon-gates at night?

THE WITNESSES

IN Ocean's wide domains,
Half buried in the sands,
Lie skeletons in chains,
With shackled feet and hands.

Beyond the fall of dews,
Deeper than plummet lies,
Float ships, with all their crews,
No more to sink nor rise.

There the black Slave-ship swims,
Freighted with human forms,
Whose fettered, fleshless limbs
Are not the sport of storms.

These are the bones of Slaves;
They gleam from the abyss;
They cry, from yawning waves,
"We are the Witnesses!"

Within Earth's wide domains
Are markets for men's lives;
Their necks are galled with chains,
Their wrists are cramped with gyves.

Dead bodies, that the kite
In deserts makes its prey;

Murders, that with affright
  Scare school-boys from their play!

All evil thoughts and deeds;
  Anger, and lust, and pride;
The foulest, rankest weeds,
  That choke Life's groaning tide!

These are the woes of Slaves;
  They glare from the abyss;
They cry, from unknown graves,
  "We are the Witnesses!"

THE QUADROON GIRL

THE Slaver in the broad lagoon
  Lay moored with idle sail;
  He waited for the rising moon,
And for the evening gale.

Under the shore his boat was tied,
  And all her listless crew
Watched the gray alligator slide
  Into the still bayou.

Odors of orange-flowers, and spice,
  Reached them from time to time,
Like airs that breathe from Paradise
  Upon a world of crime.

The Planter, under his roof of thatch,
  Smoked thoughtfully and slow;
The Slaver's thumb was on the latch,
  He seemed in haste to go.

He said, "My ship at anchor rides
  In yonder broad lagoon;
I only wait the evening tides,
  And the rising of the moon."

Before them, with her face upraised,
  In timid attitude,
Like one half curious, half amazed,
  A Quadroon maiden stood.

Her eyes were large, and full of light,
  Her arms and neck were bare;
No garment she wore save a kirtle bright,
  And her own long, raven hair.

And on her lips there played a smile
  As holy, meek, and faint,
As lights in some cathedral aisle
  The features of a saint.

"The soil is barren,—the farm is old;"
  The thoughtful Planter said;
Then looked upon the Slaver's gold,
  And then upon the maid.

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"DUST THOU ART, TO DUST RETURNEST
WAS NOT SPOKEN OF THE SOUL"

"UPON THE PILLARS OF THE TEMPLE
LAID
HIS DESPERATE HANDS"

His heart within him was at strife
  With such accursed gains:
For he knew whose passions gave her life,
  Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too weak;
  He took the glittering gold!
Then pale as death grew the maiden's cheek,
  Her hands as icy cold.

The Slaver led her from the door,
  He led her by the hand,
To be his slave and paramour
  In a strange and distant land!

THE WARNING

BEWARE! The Israelite of old, who tore
  The lion in his path,—when, poor and blind,
He saw the blessed light of heaven no more,
  Shorn of his noble strength and forced to grind
In prison, and at last led forth to be
A pander to Philistine revelry,—

Upon the pillars of the temple laid
  His desperate hands, and in its overthrow
Destroyed himself, and with him those who made
  A cruel mockery of his sightless woe;

The poor, blind Slave, the scoff and jest of all,
Expired, and thousands perished in the fall!

There is a poor, blind Samson in this land,
  Shorn of his strength, and bound in bonds of
    steel,
Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,
  And shake the pillars of this Commonweal,
Till the vast Temple of our liberties
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.

THE SPANISH STUDENT

1843

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

VICTORIAN, HYPOLITO,	*Students of Alcalá.*
THE COUNT OF LARA, DON CARLOS,	*Gentlemen of Madrid.*
THE ARCHBISHOP OF TOLEDO.	
A CARDINAL.	
BELTRAN CRUZADO,	*Count of the Gypsies.*
BARTOLOMÉ ROMAN,	*A young Gypsy.*
THE PADRE CURA OF GUADARRAMA.	
PEDRO CRESPO,	*Alcalde.*
PANCHO,	*Alguacil.*
FRANCISCO,	*Lara's Servant.*
CHISPA,	*Victorian's Servant.*
BALTASAR,	*Innkeeper.*
PRECIOSA,	*A Gypsy girl.*
ANGELICA,	*A poor girl.*
MARTINA,	*The Padre Cura's niece.*
DOLORES,	*Preciosa's maid.*

Gypsies, Musicians, &c.

EDITORIAL NOTE

The idea of "The Spanish Student" came to Longfellow three years before the play saw the light—while he was reading the "Comedies" by Torres Naharro. He then and there resolved to write a comedy, and decided on the title of "The Spanish Student." It first appeared in Graham's Magazine for September, October, and November, 1842, and it was published in book form by Owen of Cambridge in 1843; it came out in uniform style with his preceding volumes of poetry issued by that publisher.

He made the same terms with the publisher for this as for "Voices of the Night," the stereotype plates being the property of the publisher, the copyright remaining with the author, who was to receive on the day of publication ten cents for every copy printed and ten copies of each edition.

The play is a kind of "morality" or an allegorical play, and it is the most ambitious thing Longfellow had attempted up to that time. Its sentimental tone was in keeping with the spirit of the period, and it had great popularity and helped largely to increase the poet's rapidly widening fame.

THE SPANISH STUDENT

"What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

—*Burns.*

ACT I

SCENE I. *The* COUNT OF LARA'S *chambers. Night. The* COUNT *in his dressing-gown, smoking and conversing with* DON CARLOS.

LARA

YOU were not at the play to-night, Don Carlos;
How happened it?

DON CARLOS

I had engagements elsewhere.
Pray who was there?

LARA

Why, all the town and court.
The house was crowded; and the busy fans
Among the gayly dressed and perfumed ladies
Fluttered like butterflies among the flowers.

There was the Countess of Medina Celi;
The Goblin Lady with her Phantom Lover,
Her Lindo Don Diego; Doña Sol,
And Doña Serafina, and her cousins.

DON CARLOS

What was the play?

LARA

It was a dull affair;
One of those comedies in which you see,
As Lope says, the history of the world
Brought down from Genesis to the Day of Judgment.
There were three duels fought in the first act,
Three gentlemen receiving deadly wounds,
Laying their hands upon their hearts, and saying,
"O, I am dead!" a lover in a closet,
An old hidalgo, and a gay Don Juan,
A Doña Inez with a black mantilla,
Followed at twilight by an unknown lover,
Who looks intently where he knows she is not!

DON CARLOS

Of course, the Preciosa danced to-night?

LARA

And never better. Every footstep fell
As lightly as a sunbeam on the water.
I think the girl extremely beautiful.

DON CARLOS

Almost beyond the privilege of woman!
I saw her in the Prado yesterday.
Her step was royal,—queen-like,—and her face
As beautiful as a saint's in Paradise.

LARA

May not a saint fall from her Paradise,
And be no more a saint?

DON CARLOS

Why do you ask?

LARA

Because I have heard it said this angel fell,
And, though she is a virgin outwardly,
Within she is a sinner; like those panels
Of doors and altar-pieces the old monks
Painted in convents, with the Virgin Mary
On the outside, and on the inside Venus!

DON CARLOS

You do her wrong; indeed, you do her wrong!
She is as virtuous as she is fair.

LARA

How credulous you are! Why look you, friend,
There's not a virtuous woman in Madrid,
In this whole city! And would you persuade me
That a mere dancing-girl, who shows herself,

Nightly, half naked, on the stage, for money,
And with voluptuous motions fires the blood
Of inconsiderate youth, is to be held
A model for her virtue?

DON CARLOS

You forget
She is a Gypsy girl.

LARA

And therefore won
The easier.

DON CARLOS

Nay, not to be won at all!
The only virtue that a Gypsy prizes
Is chastity. That is her only virtue.
Dearer than life she holds it. I remember
A Gypsy woman, a vile, shameless bawd,
Whose craft was to betray the young and fair;
And yet this woman was above all bribes.
And when a noble lord, touched by her beauty,
The wild and wizard beauty of her race,
Offered her gold to be what she made others,
She turned upon him, with a look of scorn,
And smote him in the face!

LARA

And does that prove
That Preciosa is above suspicion?

DON CARLOS

It proves a nobleman may be repulsed
When he thinks conquest easy. I believe
That woman, in her deepest degradation,
Holds something sacred, something undefiled,
Some pledge and keepsake of her higher nature,
And, like the diamond in the dark, retains
Some quenchless gleam of the celestial light!

LARA

Yet Preciosa would have taken the gold.

DON CARLOS (*rising*)

I do not think so.

LARA

I am sure of it.
But why this haste? Stay yet a little longer,
And fight the battles of your Dulcinea.

DON CARLOS

'Tis late. I must begone, for if I stay
You will not be persuaded.

LARA

Yes; persuade me.

DON CARLOS

No one so deaf as he who will not hear!

LARA

No one so blind as he who will not see!

DON CARLOS

And so good night. I wish you pleasant dreams,
And greater faith in woman. [*Exit.*

LARA

Greater faith!
I have the greatest faith; for I believe
Victorian is her lover. I believe
That I shall be to-morrow; and thereafter
Another, and another, and another,
Chasing each other through her zodiac,
As Taurus chases Aries.

(*Enter* FRANCISCO *with a casket*)

Well, Francisco,
What speed with Preciosa?

FRANCISCO

None, my lord.
She sends your jewels back, and bids me tell you
She is not to be purchased by your gold.

LARA

Then I will try some other way to win her.
Pray, dost thou know Victorian?

FRANCISCO

Yes, my lord;
I saw him at the jeweller's to-day.

LARA

What was he doing there?

FRANCISCO

I saw him buy
A golden ring, that had a ruby in it.

LARA

Was there another like it?

FRANCISCO

One so like it
I could not choose between them.

LARA

It is well.
To-morrow morning bring that ring to me.
Do not forget. Now light me to my bed.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A street in Madrid. Enter CHISPA, *followed by musicians, with a bagpipe, guitars, and other instruments.*

CHISPA

Abernuncio Satanas! and a plague on all lovers who ramble about at night, drinking the elements, instead of sleeping quietly in their beds. Every dead man to his cemetery, say I; and every friar to his monastery. Now, here's my master, Victorian, yesterday a cow-keeper, and to-day a gentleman; yesterday a student, and to-

day a lover; and I must be up later than the nightingale, for as the abbot sings so must the sacristan respond. God grant he may soon be married, for then shall all this serenading cease. Ay, marry! marry! marry! Mother, what does marry mean? It means to spin, to bear children, and to weep, my daughter! And, of a truth, there is something more in matrimony than the wedding-ring. (*To the musicians.*) And now, gentlemen, Pax vobiscum! as the ass said to the cabbages. Pray, walk this way; and don't hang down your heads. It is no disgrace to have an old father and a ragged shirt. Now, look you, you are gentlemen who lead the life of crickets; you enjoy hunger by day and noise by night. Yet, I beseech you, for this once be not loud, but pathetic; for it is a serenade to a damsel in bed, and not to the Man in the Moon. Your object is not to arouse and terrify, but to soothe and bring lulling dreams. Therefore, each shall not play upon his instrument as if it were the only one in the universe, but gently, and with a certain modesty, according with the others. Pray, how may I call thy name, friend?

FIRST MUSICIAN

Gerónimo Gil, at your service.

CHISPA

Every tub smells of the wine that is in it.

Pray, Gerónimo, is not Saturday an unpleasant day with thee?

FIRST MUSICIAN

Why so?

CHISPA

Because I have heard it said that Saturday is an unpleasant day with those who have but one shirt. Moreover, I have seen thee at the tavern, and if thou canst run as fast as thou canst drink, I should like to hunt hares with thee. What instrument is that?

FIRST MUSICIAN

An Aragonese bagpipe.

CHISPA

Pray, art thou related to the bagpiper of Bujalance, who asked a maravedí for playing, and ten for leaving off?

FIRST MUSICIAN

No, your honor.

CHISPA

I am glad of it. What other instruments have we?

SECOND AND THIRD MUSICIANS

We play the bandurria.

CHISPA

A pleasing instrument. And thou?

FOURTH MUSICIAN

The fife.

CHISPA

I like it; it has a cheerful, soul-stirring sound, that soars up to my lady's window like the song of a swallow. And you others?

OTHER MUSICIANS

We are the singers, please your honor.

CHISPA

You are too many. Do you think we are going to sing mass in the cathedral of Córdova? Four men can make but little use of one shoe, and I see not how you can all sing in one song. But follow me along the garden wall. That is the way my master climbs to the lady's window. It is by the Vicar's skirts that the Devil climbs into the belfry. Come, follow me, and make no noise. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

PRECIOSA'S *chamber. She stands at the open window.*

PRECIOSA

How slowly through the lilac-scented air
Descends the tranquil moon! Like thistle-down
The vapory clouds float in the peaceful sky;
And sweetly from yon hollow vaults of shade
The nightingales breathe out their souls in song.
And hark! what songs of love, what soul-like
sounds,
Answer them from below!

SERENADE.[1]

Stars of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!
Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

[1] Set to music by F. Boott, by C. H. Campion, by H. Kleber, by B. Tours, by J. L. Hatton. Solos and duets by S. Glover and L. A. Sandford.

Wind of the summer night!
    Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light!
    She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
    Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!
    Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch! while in slumbers light
    She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
    Sleeps!

(*Enter* VICTORIAN *by the balcony*)

VICTORIAN

Poor little dove! Thou tremblest like a leaf!

PRECIOSA

I am so frightened! 'Tis for thee I tremble!
I hate to have thee climb that wall by night!
Did no one see thee?

VICTORIAN

None, my love, but thou.

PRECIOSA

'Tis very dangerous; and when thou art gone
I chide myself for letting thee come here
Thus stealthily by night. Where hast thou been?
Since yesterday I have no news from thee.

VICTORIAN

Since yesterday I've been in Alcalá.
Erelong the time will come, sweet Preciosa,
When that dull distance shall no more divide us;
And I no more shall scale thy wall by night
To steal a kiss from thee, as I do now.

PRECIOSA

An honest thief, to steal but what thou givest.

VICTORIAN

And we shall sit together unmolested,
And words of true love pass from tongue to tongue,
As singing birds from one bough to another.

PRECIOSA

That were a life to make time envious!
I knew that thou wouldst come to me to-night.
I saw thee at the play.

VICTORIAN

Sweet child of air!
Never did I behold thee so attired
And garmented in beauty as to-night!
What hast thou done to make thee look so fair?

PRECIOSA

Am I not always fair?

VICTORIAN

Ay, and so fair
That I am jealous of all eyes that see thee,
And wish that they were blind.

PRECIOSA

I heed them not;
When thou art present, I see none but thee!

VICTORIAN

There's nothing fair nor beautiful, but takes
Something from thee, that makes it beautiful.

PRECIOSA

And yet thou leavest me for those dusty books.

VICTORIAN

Thou comest between me and those books too
often!
I see thy face in everything I see!
The paintings in the chapel wear thy looks,
The canticles are changed to sarabands,
And with the learned doctors of the schools
I see thee dance cachuchas.

PRECIOSA

In good sooth,
I dance with learned doctors of the schools
To-morrow morning.

VICTORIAN

And with whom, I pray?

PRECIOSA

A grave and reverend Cardinal, and his Grace
The Archbishop of Toledo.

VICTORIAN

What mad jest
Is this?

PRECIOSA

It is no jest; indeed it is not.

VICTORIAN

Prithee, explain thyself.

PRECIOSA

Why, simply thus.
Thou knowest the Pope has sent here into Spain
To put a stop to dances on the stage.

VICTORIAN

I have heard it whispered.

PRECIOSA

Now the Cardinal,
Who for this purpose comes, would fain behold
With his own eyes these dances; and the Archbishop
Has sent for me—

VICTORIAN

That thou may'st dance before them!
Now viva la cachucha![1] It will breathe
The fire of youth into these gray old men!
'Twill be thy proudest conquest!

PRECIOSA

Saving one.
And yet I fear these dances will be stopped,
And Preciosa be once more a beggar.

VICTORIAN

The sweetest beggar that e'er asked for alms;
With such beseeching eyes, that when I saw thee
I gave my heart away!

PRECIOSA

Dost thou remember
When first we met?

VICTORIAN

It was at Córdova,
In the cathedral garden. Thou wast sitting
Under the orange-trees, beside a fountain.

PRECIOSA

'Twas Easter-Sunday. The full-blossomed trees
Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy.
The priests were singing, and the organ sounded,
And then anon the great cathedral bell.
It was the elevation of the Host.

[1] Spanish dance.

We both of us fell down upon our knees,
Under the orange boughs, and prayed together,
I never had been happy till that moment.

VICTORIAN

Thou blessed angel!

PRECIOSA

And when thou wast gone
I felt an aching here. I did not speak
To any one that day. But from that day
Bartolomé grew hateful unto me.

VICTORIAN

Remember him no more. Let not his shadow
Come between thee and me. Sweet Preciosa!
I loved thee even then, though I was silent!

PRECIOSA

I thought I ne'er should see thy face again.
Thy farewell had a sound of sorrow in it.

VICTORIAN

That was the first sound in the song of love!
Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound.
Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings
Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,
And play the prelude of our fate. We hear
The voice prophetic, and are not alone.

PRECIOSA

That is my faith. Dost thou believe these warnings?

VICTORIAN

So far as this. Our feelings and our thoughts
Tend ever on, and rest not in the Present.
As drops of rain fall into some dark well,
And from below comes a scarce audible sound,
So fall our thoughts into the dark Hereafter,
And their mysterious echo reaches us.

PRECIOSA

I have felt it so, but found no words to say it!
I cannot reason; I can only feel!
But thou hast language for all thoughts and feelings.
Thou art a scholar; and sometimes I think
We cannot walk together in this world!
The distance that divides us is too great!
Henceforth thy pathway lies among the stars;
I must not hold thee back.

VICTORIAN

Thou little sceptic!
Dost thou still doubt? What I most prize in woman
Is her affections, not her intellect!
The intellect is finite; but the affections
Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted.
Compare me with the great men of the earth;
What am I? Why, a pygmy among giants!
But if thou lovest,—mark me! I say lovest,

The greatest of thy sex excels thee not!
The world of the affections is thy world,
Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness
Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,
Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,
Feeding its flame. The element of fire
Is pure. It cannot change nor hide its nature,
But burns as brightly in a Gypsy camp
As in a palace hall. Art thou convinced?

PRECIOSA

Yes, that I love thee, as the good love heaven;
But not that I am worthy of that heaven.
How shall I more deserve it?

VICTORIAN

Loving more.

PRECIOSA

I cannot love thee more; my heart is full.

VICTORIAN

Then let it overflow, and I will drink it,
As in the summer-time the thirsty sands
Drink the swift waters of the Manzanares,
And still do thirst for more.

A WATCHMAN (*in the street*)

Ave Maria
Purissima! 'Tis midnight and serene!

VICTORIAN

Hear'st thou that cry?

PRECIOSA

It is a hateful sound,
To scare thee from me!

VICTORIAN

As the hunter's horn
Doth scare the timid stag, or bark of hounds
The moor-fowl from his mate.

PRECIOSA

Pray, do not go!

VICTORIAN

I must away to Acalá to-night.
Think of me when I am away.

PRECIOSA

Fear not!
I have no thoughts that do not think of thee.

VICTORIAN (*giving her a ring*)

And to remind thee of my love, take this;
A serpent, emblem of Eternity;
A ruby,—say, a drop of my heart's blood.

PRECIOSA

It is an ancient saying, that the ruby
Brings gladness to the wearer, and preserves

The heart pure, and, if laid beneath the pillow,
Drives away evil dreams. But then, alas!
It was a serpent tempted Eve to sin.

VICTORIAN

What convent of barefooted Carmelites
Taught thee so much theology?

PRECIOSA (*laying her hand upon his mouth*)

Hush! Hush!
Good night! and may all holy angels guard thee!

VICTORIAN

Good night! good night! Thou art my guardian angel!
I have no other saint than thou to pray to!
(*He descends by the balcony*)

PRECIOSA

Take care, and do not hurt thee. Art thou safe?

VICTORIAN (*from the garden*)

Safe as my love for thee! But art thou safe?
Others can climb a balcony by moonlight
As well as I. Pray shut thy window close;
I am jealous of the perfumed air of night
That from this garden climbs to kiss thy lips.

PRECIOSA (*throwing down her handkerchief*)

Thou silly child! Take this to blind thine eyes.
It is my benison!

VICTORIAN

And brings to me
Sweet fragrance from thy lips, as the soft wind
Wafts to the out-bound mariner the breath
Of the beloved land he leaves behind.

PRECIOSA

Make not thy voyage long.

VICTORIAN

To-morrow night
Shall see me safe returned. Thou art the star
To guide me to an anchorage. Good night!
My beauteous star! My star of love, good night!

PRECIOSA

Good night!

WATCHMAN (*at a distance*)

Ave Maria Purissima!

SCENE IV.

An inn on the road to Alcalá. BALTASAR *asleep on a bench. Enter* CHISPA.

CHISPA

And here we are, half way to Alcalá, between cocks and midnight. Body o' me! what an inn this is! The lights out, and the landlord asleep. Holá! ancient Baltasar!

BALTASAR (*waking*)

Here I am.

CHISPA

Yes, there you are, like a one-eyed Alcalde in a town without inhabitants. Bring a light, and let me have supper.

BALTASAR

Where is your master?

CHISPA

Do not trouble yourself about him. We have stopped a moment to breathe our horses; and, if he chooses to walk up and down in the open air, looking into the sky as one who hears it rain, that does not satisfy my hunger, you know. But be quick, for I am in a hurry, and every man stretches his legs according to the length of his coverlet. What have we here?

BALTASAR (*setting a light on the table*).

Stewed rabbit.

CHISPA (*eating*)

Conscience of Portalegre! Stewed kitten, you mean!

BALTASAR

And a pitcher of Pedro Ximenes, with a roasted pear in it.

CHISPA (*drinking*)

Ancient Baltasar, amigo! You know how to cry wine and sell vinegar. I tell you this is nothing but Vino Tinto of La Mancha, with a tang of the swine-skin.

BALTASAR

I swear to you by Saint Simon and Judas, it is all as I say.

CHISPA

And I swear to you by Saint Peter and Saint Paul, that it is no such thing. Moreover, your supper is like the hidalgo's dinner, very little meat and a great deal of table-cloth.

BALTASAR

Ha! ha! ha!

CHISPA

And more noise than nuts.

BALTASAR

Ha! ha! ha! You must have your joke, Master Chispa. But shall I not ask Don Victorian in, to take a draught of the Pedro Ximenes?

CHISPA

No; you might as well say, "Don't-you-want-some?" to a dead man.

BALTASAR

Why does he go so often to Madrid?

CHISPA

For the same reason that he eats no supper. He is in love. Were you ever in love, Baltasar?

BALTASAR

I was never out of it, good Chispa. It has been the torment of my life.

CHISPA

What! are you on fire, too, old hay-stack? Why, we shall never be able to put you out.

VICTORIAN (*without*)

Chispa!

CHISPA

Go to bed, Pero Grullo, for the cocks are crowing.

VICTORIAN

Ea! Chispa! Chispa!

CHISPA

Ea! Señor. Come with me, ancient Baltasar, and bring water for the horses. I will pay for the supper to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

VICTORIAN'S *chambers at Alcalá.* HYPOLITO *asleep in an arm-chair. He awakes slowly.*

HYPOLITO

I must have been asleep! ay, sound asleep!
And it was all a dream. O sleep, sweet sleep!
Whatever form thou takest, thou art fair,
Holding unto our lips thy goblet filled
Out of Oblivion's well, a healing draught!
The candles have burned low; it must be late.
Where can Victorian be? Like Fray Carrillo,
The only place in which one cannot find him
Is his own cell. Here's his guitar, that seldom
Feels the caresses of its master's hand.
Open thy silent lips, sweet instrument!
And make dull midnight merry with a song.

(*He plays and sings*)

Padre Francisco!
Padre Francisco!
What do you want of Padre Francisco?
Here is a pretty young maiden
Who wants to confess her sins!
Open the door and let her come in,
I will shrive her from every sin.

(*Enter* VICTORIAN)

VICTORIAN

Padre Hypolito! Padre Hypolito!

HYPOLITO

What do you want of Padre Hypolito?

VICTORIAN

Come, shrive me straight; for, if love be a sin,
I am the greatest sinner that doth live.
I will confess the sweetest of all crimes,
A maiden wooed and won.

HYPOLITO

The same old tale
Of the old woman in the chimney corner,
Who, while the pot boils, says, "Come here, my child;
I'll tell thee a story of my wedding-day."

VICTORIAN

Nay, listen, for my heart is full; so full
That I must speak.

HYPOLITO

Alas! that heart of thine
Is like a scene in the old play; the curtain
Rises to solemn music, and lo! enter
The eleven thousand virgins of Cologne!

VICTORIAN

Nay, like the Sibyl's volumes, thou shouldst say;

Those that remained, after the six were burned,
Being held more precious than the nine together.
But listen to my tale. Dost thou remember
The Gypsy girl we saw at Córdova
Dance the Romalis in the market-place?

HYPOLITO

Thou meanest Preciosa.

VICTORIAN

Ay, the same.
Thou knowest how her image haunted me
Long after we returned to Alcalá.
She's in Madrid.

HYPOLITO

I know it.

VICTORIAN

And I'm in love.

HYPOLITO

And therefore in Madrid when thou shouldst be
In Alcalá.

VICTORIAN

O pardon me, my friend,
If I so long have kept this secret from thee;
But silence is the charm that guards such treasures,
And, if a word be spoken ere the time,
They sink again, they were not meant for us.

HYPOLITO

Alas! alas! I see thou art in love.
Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak.
It serves for food and raiment. Give a Spaniard
His mass, his olla, and his Doña Luisa,—
Thou knowest the proverb. But pray tell me, lover,
How speeds thy wooing? Is the maiden coy?
Write her a song, beginning with an *Ave;*
Sing as the monk sang to the Virgin Mary,

Ave! cujus calcem clare
Nec centenni commendare
Sciret Seraph studio!

VICTORIAN

Pray, do not jest! This is no time for it!
I am in earnest!

HYPOLITO

Seriously enamored?
What, ho! The Primus of great Alcalá
Enamored of a Gypsy? Tell me frankly,
How meanest thou?

VICTORIAN

I mean it honestly.

HYPOLITO

Surely thou wilt not marry her!

VICTORIAN

Why not?

HYPOLITO

She was betrothed to one Bartolomé,
If I remember rightly, a young Gypsy
Who danced with her at Córdova.

VICTORIAN

They quarrelled,
And so the matter ended.

HYPOLITO

But in truth
Thou wilt not marry her.

VICTORIAN

In truth I will.
The angels sang in heaven when she was born!
She is a precious jewel I have found
Among the filth and rubbish of the world.
I'll stoop for it; but when I wear it here,
Set on my forehead like the morning star,
The world may wonder, but it will not laugh.

HYPOLITO

If thou wear'st nothing else upon thy forehead,
'Twill be indeed a wonder.

VICTORIAN

Out upon thee
With thy unseasonable jests! Pray tell me,
Is there no virtue in the world?

HYPOLITO

Not much.
What, think'st thou, is she doing at this moment;
Now, while we speak of her?

VICTORIAN

She lies asleep,
And from her parted lips her gentle breath
Comes like the fragrance from the lips of flowers.
Her tender limbs are still, and on her breast
The cross she prayed to, ere she fell asleep,
Rises and falls with the soft tide of dreams,
Like a light barge safe moored.

HYPOLITO

Which means, in prose,
She's sleeping with her mouth a little open!

VICTORIAN

O, would I had the old magician's glass
To see her as she lies in child-like sleep!

HYPOLITO

And wouldst thou venture?

VICTORIAN

Ay, indeed I would!

HYPOLITO

Thou art courageous. Hast thou e'er reflected
How much lies hidden in that one word, *now?*

VICTORIAN

Yes; all the awful mystery of Life!
I oft have thought, my dear Hypolito,
That could we, by some spell of magic, change
The world and its inhabitants to stone,
In the same attitudes they now are in,
What fearful glances downward might we cast
Into the hollow chasms of human life!
What groups should we behold about the death-
bed,
Putting to shame the group of Niobe!
What joyful welcomes, and what sad farewells!
What stony tears in those congealed eyes!
What visible joy or anguish in those cheeks!
What bridal pomps, and what funereal shows!
What foes, like gladiators, fierce and struggling!
What lovers with their marble lips together!

HYPOLITO

Ay, there it is! and, if I were in love,
That is the very point I most should dread.
This magic glass, these magic spells of thine,
Might tell a tale were better left untold.
For instance, they might show us thy fair cousin,
The Lady Violante, bathed in tears
Of love and anger, like the maid of Colchis,
Whom thou, another faithless Argonaut,
Having won that golden fleece, a woman's love,
Desertest for this Glaucè.

VICTORIAN

Hold thy peace!
She cares not for me. She may wed another,
Or go into a convent, and, thus dying,
Marry Achilles in the Elysian Fields.

HYPOLITO (*rising*)

And so, good night! Good morning, I should say.

(*Clock strikes three*)

Hark! how the loud and ponderous mace of Time
Knocks at the golden portals of the day!
And so, once more, good night! We'll speak more largely
Of Preciosa when we meet again.
Get thee to bed, and the magician, Sleep,
Shall show her to thee, in his magic glass,
In all her loveliness. Good night! [*Exit.*

VICTORIAN

Good night!
But not to bed; for I must read awhile.

(*Throws himself into the arm-chair which* HYPOLITO *has left, and lays a large book open upon his knees*)

Must read, or sit in reverie and watch
The changing color of the waves that break
Upon the idle sea-shore of the mind!
Visions of Fame! that once did visit me,

Making night glorious with your smile, where
are ye?
O, who shall give me, now that ye are gone,
Juices of those immortal plants that bloom
Upon Olympus, making us immortal?
Or teach me where that wondrous mandrake
grows
Whose magic root, torn from the earth with
groans,
At midnight hour, can scare the fiends away,
And make the mind prolific in its fancies?
I have the wish, but want the will, to act!
Souls of great men departed! Ye whose words
Have come to light from the swift river of Time,
Like Roman swords found in the Tagus' bed,
Where is the strength to wield the arms ye bore?
From the barred visor of Antiquity
Reflected shines the eternal light of Truth,
As from a mirror! All the means of action—
The shapeless masses, the materials—
Lie everywhere about us. What we need
Is the celestial fire to change the flint
Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.
That fire is genius! The rude peasant sits
At evening in his smoky cot, and draws
With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall.
The son of genius comes, foot-sore with travel,
And begs a shelter from the inclement night.
He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand,
And, by the magic of his touch at once

Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine,
And, in the eyes of the astonished clown,
It gleams a diamond! Even thus transformed,
Rude popular traditions and old tales
Shine as immortal poems, at the touch
Of some poor, houseless, homeless, wandering bard,
Who had but a night's lodging for his pains.
But there are brighter dreams that those of Fame,
Which are the dreams of Love! Out of the heart
Rises the bright ideal of these dreams,
As from some woodland fount a spirit rises
And sinks again into its silent deeps,
Ere the enamored knight can touch her robe!
'Tis this ideal that the soul of man,
Like the enamored knight beside the fountain,
Waits for upon the margin of Life's stream;
Waits to behold her rise from the dark waters,
Clad in a mortal shape! Alas! how many
Must wait in vain! The stream flows evermore,
But from its silent deeps no spirit rises!
Yet I, born under a propitious star,
Have found the bright ideal of my dreams.
Yes! she is ever with me. I can feel,
Here, as I sit at midnight and alone,
Her gentle breathing! on my breast can feel
The pressure of her head! God's benison
Rest ever on it! Close those beauteous eyes,

Sweet Sleep! and all the flowers that bloom at night
With balmy lips breathe in her ears my name!

(*Gradually sinks asleep*)

ACT II

SCENE I. PRECIOSA'S *chamber. Morning.* PRECIOSA *and* ANGELICA.

PRECIOSA

WHY will you go so soon? Stay yet awhile.
The poor too often turn away unheard
From hearts that shut against them with a sound
That will be heard in heaven. Pray, tell me more
Of your adversities. Keep nothing from me.
What is your landlord's name?

ANGELICA

The Count of Lara.

PRECIOSA

The Count of Lara? O, beware that man!
Mistrust his pity,—hold no parley with him!
And rather die an outcast in the streets
Than touch his gold.

ANGELICA

You know him, then!

PRECIOSA

As much
As any woman may, and yet be pure.

As you would keep your name without a blemish,
Beware of him!

ANGELICA

Alas! what can I do?
I cannot choose my friends. Each word of kindness,
Come whence it may, is welcome to the poor.

PRECIOSA

Make me your friend. A girl so young and fair
Should have no friends but those of her own sex.
What is your name?

ANGELICA

Angelica.

PRECIOSA

That name
Was given you, that you might be an angel
To her who bore you! When your infant smile
Made her home Paradise, you were her angel.
O, be an angel still! She needs that smile.
So long as you are innocent, fear nothing.
No one can harm you! I am a poor girl,
Whom chance has taken from the public streets.
I have no other shield than mine own virtue.
That is the charm which has protected me!
Amid a thousand perils, I have worn it
Here on my heart! It is my guardian angel.

ANGELICA (*rising*)

I thank you for this counsel, dearest lady.

PRECIOSA

Thank me by following it.

ANGELICA

Indeed I will.

PRECIOSA

Pray, do not go. I have much more to say.

ANGELICA

My mother is alone. I dare not leave her.

PRECIOSA

Some other time, then, when we meet again.
You must not go away with words alone.

(*Gives her a purse*)

Take this. Would it were more.

ANGELICA

I thank you, lady.

PRECIOSA

No thanks. To-morrow come to me again.
I dance to-night,—perhaps for the last time.
But what I gain, I promise shall be yours,
If that can save you from the Count of Lara.

ANGELICA

O, my dear lady! how shall I be grateful
For so much kindness?

PRECIOSA

I deserve no thanks.
Thank Heaven, not me.

ANGELICA

Both Heaven and you.

PRECIOSA

Farewell.
Remember that you come again to-morrow.

ANGELICA

I will. And may the Blessed Virgin guard you,
And all good angels. [*Exit.*

PRECIOSA

May they guard thee too,
And all the poor; for they have need of angels.
Now bring me, dear Dolores, my basquiña,[1]
My richest maja dress,—my dancing dress,
And my most precious jewels! Make me look
Fairer than night e'er saw me! I've a prize
To win this day, worthy of Preciosa!

(*Enter* BELTRAN CRUZADO)

CRUZADO

Ave Maria!

PRECIOSA

O God! my evil genius!
What seekest thou here to-day?

[1] Basquiña, outer petticoat.

CRUZADO

Thyself,—my child.

PRECIOSA

What is thy will with me?

CRUZADO

Gold! gold!

PRECIOSA

I gave thee yesterday; I have no more.

CRUZADO

The gold of the Busné,—give me his gold!

PRECIOSA

I gave the last in charity to-day.

CRUZADO

That is a foolish lie.

PRECIOSA

It is the truth.

CRUZADO

Curses upon thee! Thou art not my child!
Hast thou given gold away, and not to me?
Not to thy father? To whom, then?

PRECIOSA

To one
Who needs it more.

CRUZADO

No one can need it more.

PRECIOSA

Thou art not poor.

CRUZADO

What, I, who lurk about
In dismal suburbs and unwholesome lanes;
I, who am housed worse than the galley slave;
I, who am fed worse than the kennelled hound;
I, who am clothed in rags,—Beltran Cruzado,—
Not poor!

PRECIOSA

Thou hast a stout heart and strong hands.
Thou canst supply thy wants; what wouldst thou more?

CRUZADO

The gold of the Busné! give me his gold!

PRECIOSA

Beltran Cruzado! hear me once for all.
I speak the truth. So long as I had gold,
I gave it to thee freely, at all times,
Never denied thee; never had a wish
But to fulfil thine own. Now go in peace!
Be merciful, be patient, and erelong
Thou shalt have more.

CRUZADO

And if I have it not,
Thou shalt no longer dwell here in rich chambers,
Wear silken dresses, feed on dainty food,
And live in idleness; but go with me,
Dance the Romalis in the public streets,
And wander wild again o'er field and fell;
For here we stay not long.

PRECIOSA

What! march again?

CRUZADO

Ay, with all speed. I hate the crowded town!
I cannot breathe shut up within its gates!
Air,—I want air, and sunshine, and blue sky,
The feeling of the breeze upon my face,
The feeling of the turf beneath my feet,
And no walls but the far-off mountain-tops.
Then I am free and strong,—once more myself,
Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés!

PRECIOSA

God speed thee on thy march!—I cannot go.

CRUZADO

Remember who I am, and who thou art!
Be silent and obey! Yet one thing more.
Bartolomé Román—

PRECIOSA (*with emotion*).

O, I beseech thee!
If my obedience and blameless life,
If my humility and meek submission
In all things hitherto, can move in thee
One feeling of compassion; if thou art
Indeed my father, and canst trace in me
One look of her who bore me, or one tone
That doth remind thee of her, let it plead
In my behalf, who am a feeble girl,
Too feeble to resist, and do not force me
To wed that man! I am afraid of him!
I do not love him! On my knees I beg thee
To use no violence, nor do in haste
What cannot be undone!

CRUZADO

O child, child, child!
Thou hast betrayed thy secret, as a bird
Betrays her nest, by striving to conceal it.
I will not leave thee here in the great city
To be a grandee's mistress. Make thee ready
To go with us; and until then remember
A watchful eye is on thee. [*Exit.*

PRECIOSA

Woe is me!
I have a strange misgiving in my heart!
But that one deed of charity I'll do,
Befall what may; they cannot take that from me.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A room in the ARCHBISHOP'S *Palace. The* ARCHBISHOP *and a* CARDINAL *seated.*

ARCHBISHOP

Knowing how near it touched the public morals,
And that our age is grown corrupt and rotten
By such excesses, we have sent to Rome,
Beseeching that his Holiness would aid
In curing the gross surfeit of the time,
By seasonable stop put here in Spain
To bull-fights and lewd dances on the stage.
All this you know.

CARDINAL

Know and approve.

ARCHBISHOP

And farther,
That, by a mandate from his Holiness,
The first have been suppressed.

CARDINAL

I trust forever,
It was a cruel sport.

ARCHBISHOP

A barbarous pastime,
Disgraceful to the land that calls itself
Most Catholic and Christian.

CARDINAL

Yet the people
Murmur at this; and, if the public dances
Should be condemned upon too slight occasion,
Worse ills might follow than the ills we cure.
As *Panem et Circenses*[1] was the cry
Among the Roman populace of old,
So *Pan y Toros*[2] is the cry in Spain.
Hence I would act advisedly herein;
And therefore have induced your grace to see
These national dances, ere we interdict them.

(*Enter a Servant*)

SERVANT

The dancing-girl, and with her the musicians
Your grace was pleased to order, wait without.

ARCHBISHOP

Bid them come in. Now shall your eyes behold
In what angelic yet voluptuous shape
The Devil came to tempt Saint Anthony.

(*Enter* PRECIOSA, *with a mantle thrown over her head. She advances slowly, in a modest half-timid attitude*)

CARDINAL (*aside*)

O, what a fair and ministering angel
Was lost to heaven when this sweet woman fell!

[1] Bread and the circus.
[2] Bread and the Bulls.

PRECIOSA (*kneeling before the* ARCHBISHOP).

I have obeyed the order of your grace.
If I intrude upon your better hours,
I proffer this excuse, and here beseech
Your holy benediction.

ARCHBISHOP

May God bless thee,
And lead thee to a better life. Arise.

CARDINAL (*aside*)

Her acts are modest, and her words discreet!
I did not look for this! Come hither, child.
Is thy name Preciosa?

PRECIOSA

Thus I am called.

CARDINAL

That is a Gypsy name. Who is thy father?

PRECIOSA

Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés.

ARCHBISHOP

I have a dim remembrance of that man;
He was a bold and reckless character,
A sun-burnt Ishmael!

CARDINAL

Dost thou remember
Thy earlier days?

PRECIOSA

Yes; by the Darro's side
My childhood passed. I can remember still
The river, and the mountains capped with snow;
The villages, where, yet a little child,
I told the traveller's fortune in the street;
The smuggler's horse, the brigand and the shepherd;
The march across the moor; the halt at noon;
The red fire of the evening camp, that lighted
The forest where we slept; and, father back,
As in a dream or in some former life,
Gardens and palace walls.

ARCHBISHOP

'Tis the Alhambra,
Under whose towers the Gypsy camp was pitched.
But the time wears; and we would see the dance.

PRECIOSA

Your grace shall be obeyed.
(*She lays aside her mantilla. The music of the cachucha is played, and the dance begins. The* ARCHBISHOP *and the* CARDINAL *look on with gravity and an occasional frown; then make signs to each other; and, as the dance continues, become more and more pleased and excited; and at length rise from their seats, throw their caps in the air, and applaud vehemently as the scene closes*)

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"YOUR GRACE SHALL BE OBEYED"

SCENE III.

The Prado. A long avenue of trees leading to the gate of Atocha. On the right the dome and spires of a convent. A fountain. Evening. DON CARLOS *and* HYPOLITO *meeting.*

DON CARLOS

Holá! good evening, Don Hypolito.

HYPOLITO

And a good evening to my friend, Don Carlos.
Some lucky star has led my steps this way.
I was in search of you.

DON CARLOS

Command me always.

HYPOLITO

Do you remember, in Quevedo's Dreams,
The miser, who, upon the Day of Judgment,
Asks if his money-bags would rise?

DON CARLOS

I do;
But what of that?

HYPOLITO

I am that wretched man.

DON CARLOS

You mean to tell me yours have risen empty?

HYPOLITO

And amen! said my Cid the Campeador.

DON CARLOS

Pray, how much need you?

HYPOLITO

Some half-dozen ounces
Which, with due interest—

DON CARLOS (*giving his purse*)

What, am I a Jew
To put my moneys out at usury?
Here is my purse.

HYPOLITO

Thank you. A pretty purse,
Made by the hand of some fair Madrileña;
Perhaps a keepsake.

DON CARLOS

No, 'tis at your service.

HYPOLITO

Thank you again. Lie there, good Chrysostom,
And with thy golden mouth remind me often,
I am the debtor of my friend.

DON CARLOS

But tell me,
Come you to-day from Alcalá?

HYPOLITO

This moment.

DON CARLOS

And pray, how fares the brave Victorian?

HYPOLITO

Indifferent well; that is to say, not well.
A damsel has ensnared him with the glances
Of her dark, roving eyes, as herdsmen catch
A steer of Andalusia with a lazo.
He is in love.

DON CARLOS

And is it faring ill
To be in love?

HYPOLITO

In his case very ill.

DON CARLOS

Why so?

HYPOLITO

For many reasons. First and foremost,
Because he is in love with an ideal;
A creature of his own imagination;
A child of air; an echo of his heart;
And, like a lily on a river floating,
She floats upon the river of his thoughts!

DON CARLOS

A common thing with poets. But who is

This floating lily? For, in fine, some woman,
Some living woman,—not a mere ideal,—
Must wear the outward semblance of his thought.
Who is it? Tell me.

HYPOLITO

Well, it is a woman!
But, look you, from the coffer of his heart
He brings forth precious jewels to adorn her,
As pious priests adorn some favorite saint
With gems and gold, until at length she gleams
One blaze of glory. Without these, you know,
And the priest's benediction, 'tis a doll.

DON CARLOS

Well, well! who is this doll?

HYPOLITO

Why, who do you think?

DON CARLOS

His cousin Violante.

HYPOLITO

Guess again.
To ease his laboring heart, in the last storm
He threw her overboard, with all her ingots.

DON CARLOS

I cannot guess; so tell me who it is.

HYPOLITO

Not I.

DON CARLOS

Why not?

HYPOLITO (*mysteriously*).

Why? Because Mari Franca
Was married four leagues out of Salamanca!

DON CARLOS

Jesting aside, who is it?

HYPOLITO

Preciosa.

DON CARLOS

Impossible! The Count of Lara tells me
She is not virtuous.

HYPOLITO

Did I say she was?
The Roman Emperor Claudius had a wife
Whose name was Messalina, as I think;
Valeria Messalina was her name.
But hist! I see him yonder through the trees,
Walking as in a dream.

DON CARLOS

He comes this way.

HYPOLITO

It has been truly said by some wise men,
That money, grief, and love cannot be hidden.

(*Enter* VICTORIAN *in front*)

VICTORIAN

Where'er thy step has passed is holy ground!
These groves are sacred! I behold thee walking
Under these shadowy trees, where we have walked
At evening, and I feel thy presence now;
Feel that the place has taken a charm from thee,
And is forever hallowed.

HYPOLITO

Mark him well!
See how he strides away with lordly air,
Like that odd guest of stone, that grim Commander
Who comes to sup with Juan in the play.

DON CARLOS

What ho! Victorian!

HYPOLITO

Wilt thou sup with us?

VICTORIAN

Holá! amigos! Faith, I did not see you.
How fares Don Carlos?

DON CARLOS

At your service ever.

VICTORIAN

How is that young and green-eyed Gaditana
That you both wot of?

DON CARLOS

Ay, soft, emerald eyes!
She has gone back to Cadiz.

HYPOLITO

Ay de mí![1]

VICTORIAN

You are much to blame for letting her go back.
A pretty girl; and in her tender eyes
Just that soft shade of green we sometimes see
In evening skies.

HYPOLITO

But, speaking of green eyes,
Are thine green?

VICTORIAN

Not a whit. Why so?

HYPOLITO

I think
The slightest shade of green would be becoming,
For thou art jealous.

[1] Oh, dear me.

VICTORIAN

No, I am not jealous.

HYPOLITO

Thou shouldst be.

VICTORIAN

Why?

HYPOLITO

Because thou art in love.
And they who are in love are always jealous.
Therefore thou shouldst be.

VICTORIAN

Marry, is that all?
Farewell; I am in haste. Farewell, Don Carlos.
Thou sayest I should be jealous?

HYPOLITO

Ay, in truth
I fear there is reason. Be upon thy guard.
I hear it whispered that the Count of Lara
Lays siege to the same citadel.

VICTORIAN

Indeed!
Then he will have his labor for his pains.

HYPOLITO

He does not think so, and Don Carlos tells me
He boasts of his success.

VICTORIAN

How's this, Don Carlos?

DON CARLOS

Some hints of it I heard from his own lips.
He spoke but lightly of the lady's virtue,
As a gay man might speak.

VICTORIAN

Death and damnation!
I'll cut his lying tongue out of his mouth,
And throw it to my dog! But no, no, no!
This cannot be. You jest, indeed you jest.
Trifle with me no more. For otherwise
We are no longer friends. And so, farewell!
[*Exit.*

HYPOLITO

Now what a coil is here! The Avenging Child
Hunting the traitor Quadros to his death,
And the great Moor Calaynos, when he rode
To Paris for the ears of Oliver,
Were nothing to him! O hot-headed youth!
But come; we will not follow. Let us join
The crowd that pours into the Prado. There
We shall find merrier company; I see
The Marialonzos and the Almavivas,
And fifty fans, that beckon me already.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

PRECIOSA'S *chamber. She is sitting, with a book in her hand, near a table, on which are flowers. A bird singing in its cage. The* COUNT OF LARA *enters behind unperceived.*

PRECIOSA (*reads*)

All are sleeping, weary heart!
Thou, thou only sleepless art!

Heigho! I wish Victorian were here.
I know not what it is makes me so restless!

(*The bird sings*)

Thou little prisoner with thy motley coat,
That from thy vaulted, wiry dungeon singest,
Like thee I am a captive, and, like thee,
I have a gentle jailer. Lack-a-day!

All are sleeping, weary heart!
Thou, thou only sleepless art!
All this throbbing, all this aching,
Evermore shall keep thee waking,
For a heart in sorrow breaking
Thinketh ever of its smart!

Thou speakest truly, poet! and methinks
More hearts are breaking in this world of ours
Than one would say. In distant villages
And solitudes remote, where winds have wafted
The barbed seeds of love, or birds of passage
Scattered them in their flight, do they take root,
And grow in silence, and in silence perish.

Who hears the falling of the forest leaf?
Or who takes note of every flower that dies?
Heigho! I wish Victorian would come.
Dolores!

(*Turns to lay down her book, and perceives the* COUNT)

Ha!

LARA

Señora, pardon me!

PRECIOSA

How's this? Dolores!

LARA

Pardon me—

PRECIOSA

Dolores!

LARA

Be not alarmed; I found no one in waiting.
If I have been too bold—

PRECIOSA (*turning her back upon him*)

You are too bold!
Retire! retire, and leave me!

LARA

My dear lady,
First hear me! I beseech you, let me speak!
'Tis for your good I come.

PRECIOSA (*turning toward him with indignation*)

Begone! Begone!
You are the Count of Lara, but your deeds
Would make the statues of your ancestors
Blush on their tombs! Is it Castilian honor,
Is it Castilian pride, to steal in here
Upon a friendless girl, to do her wrong?
O shame! shame! shame! that you, a nobleman,
Should be so little noble in your thoughts
As to send jewels here to win my love,
And think to buy my honor with your gold!
I have no words to tell you how I scorn you!
Begone! The sight of you is hateful to me!
Begone, I say!

LARA

Be calm; I will not harm you.

PRECIOSA

Because you dare not.

LARA

I dare anything!
Therefore beware! You are deceived in me.
In this false world, we do not always know
Who are our friends and who our enemies.
We all have enemies, and all need friends.
Even you, fair Preciosa, here at court
Have foes, who seek to wrong you.

PRECIOSA

If to this
I owe the honor of the present visit,
You might have spared the coming. Having spoken,
Once more I beg you, leave me to myself.

LARA

I thought it but a friendly part to tell you
What strange reports are current here in town.
For my own self, I do not credit them;
But there are many who, not knowing you,
Will lend a readier ear.

PRECIOSA

There was no need
That you should take upon yourself the duty
Of telling me these tales.

LARA

Malicious tongues
Are ever busy with your name.

PRECIOSA

Alas!
I've no protectors. I am a poor girl,
Exposed to insults and unfeeling jests.
They wound me, yet I cannot shield myself.
I give no cause for these reports. I live
Retired; am visited by none.

LARA

By none?
O, then, indeed, you are much wronged!

PRECIOSA

How mean you?

LARA

Nay, nay; I will not wound your gentle soul
By the report of idle tales.

PRECIOSA

Speak out!
What are these idle tales? You need not spare me.

LARA

I will deal frankly with you. Pardon me;
This window, as I think, looks toward the street,
And this into the Prado, does it not?
In yon high house, beyond the garden wall,—
You see the roof there just above the trees,—
There lives a friend, who told me yesterday,
That on a certain night,—be not offended
If I too plainly speak,—he saw a man
Climb to your chamber window. You are silent!
I would not blame you, being young and fair—
(*He tries to embrace her. She starts back, and draws a dagger from her bosom*)

PRECIOSA

Beware! beware! I am a Gypsy girl!
Lay not your hand upon me. One step nearer
And I will strike!

LARA

Pray you, put up that dagger.
Fear not.

PRECIOSA

I do not fear. I have a heart
In whose strength I can trust.

LARA

Listen to me.
I come here as your friend,—I am your friend,—
And by a single word can put a stop
To all those idle tales, and make your name
Spotless as lilies are. Here on my knees,
Fair Preciosa! on my knees I swear,
I love you even to madness, and that love
Has driven me to break the rules of custom,
And force myself unasked into your presence.

(VICTORIAN *enters behind*)

PRECIOSA

Rise, Count of Lara! That is not the place
For such as you are. It becomes you not
To kneel before me. I am strangely moved
To see one of your rank thus low and humbled;
For your sake I will put aside all anger,

All unkind feeling, all dislike, and speak
In gentleness, as most becomes a woman,
And as my heart now prompts me. I no more
will hate you, for all hate is painful to me.
But if, without offending modesty
And that reserve which is a woman's glory,
I may speak freely, I will teach my heart
To love you.

LARA

O sweet angel!

PRECIOSA

Ay, in truth,
Far better than you love yourself or me.

LARA

Give me some sign of this,—the slightest token.
Let me but kiss your hand!

PRECIOSA

Nay, come no nearer.
The words I utter are its sign and token.
Misunderstand me not! Be not deceived!
The love wherewith I love you is not such
As you would offer me. For you come here
To take from me the only thing I have,
My honor. You are wealthy, you have friends
And kindred, and a thousand pleasant hopes
That fill your heart with happiness; but I

Am poor, and friendless, having but one treasure,
And you would take that from me, and for what?
To flatter your own vanity, and make me
What you would most despise. O sir, such love,
That seeks to harm me, cannot be true love.
Indeed it cannot. But my love for you
Is of a different kind. It seeks your good.
It is a holier feeling. It rebukes
Your earthly passion, your unchaste desires,
And bids you look into your heart, and see
How you do wrong that better nature in you,
And grieve your soul with sin.

LARA

I swear to you,
I would not harm you; I would only love you.
I would not take your honor, but restore it,
And in return I ask but some slight mark
Of your affection. If indeed you love me,
As you confess you do, O let me thus
With this embrace—

VICTORIAN (*rushing forward*)

Hold! hold! This is too much.
What means this outrage?

LARA

First what right have you
To question thus a nobleman of Spain?

VICTORIAN

I too am noble, and you are no more!
Out of my sight!

LARA

Are you the master here?

VICTORIAN

Ay, here and elsewhere, when the wrong of others
Gives me the right!

PRECIOSA (*to* LARA)

Go! I beseech you, go!

VICTORIAN

I shall have business with you, Count, anon!

LARA

You cannot come too soon! [*Exit.*

PRECIOSA

Victorian!
O we have been betrayed!

VICTORIAN

Ha! ha! betrayed!
'Tis I have been betrayed, not we!—not we!

PRECIOSA

Dost thou imagine—

VICTORIAN

I imagine nothing;
I see how 'tis thou whilest the time away
When I am gone!

PRECIOSA

O speak not in that tone!
It wounds me deeply.

VICTORIAN

'Twas not meant to flatter.

PRECIOSA

Too well thou knowest the presence of that man
Is hateful to me!

VICTORIAN

Yet I saw thee stand
And listen to him, when he told his love.

I did not heed his words.

VICTORIAN

Indeed thou didst,
And answeredst them with love.

PRECIOSA

Hadst thou heard all—

VICTORIAN

I heard enough.

PRECIOSA

Be not so angry with me.

VICTORIAN

I am not angry; I am very calm.

PRECIOSA

If thou wilt let me speak—

VICTORIAN

Nay, say no more.
I know too much already. Thou art false!
I do not like these Gypsy marriages!
Where is the ring I gave thee?

PRECIOSA

In my casket.

VICTORIAN

There let it rest! I would not have thee wear it:
I thought thee spotless, and thou art polluted!

PRECIOSA

I call the Heavens to witness—

VICTORIAN

Nay! nay! nay!
Take not the name of Heaven upon thy lips!
They are forsworn!

PRECIOSA

Victorian! dear Victorian!

VICTORIAN

I gave up all for thee; myself, my fame,
My hopes of fortune, ay, my very soul!
And thou hast been my ruin! Now, go on!
Laugh at my folly with thy paramour,
And, sitting on the Count of Lara's knee,
Say what a poor, fond fool Victorian was!
(*He casts her from him and rushes out*)

PRECIOSA

And this from thee!
(*Scene closes*)

SCENE V.

The COUNT OF LARA'S *rooms. Enter the* COUNT.

LARA

There's nothing in this world so sweet as love,
And next to love the sweetest thing is hate!
I've learned to hate, and therefore am revenged.
A silly girl to play the prude with me!
The fire that I have kindled—
(*Enter* FRANCISCO)
Well, Francisco,
What tidings from Don Juan?

FRANCISCO

Good, my lord;
He will be present.

LARA

And the Duke of Lermos?

FRANCISCO

Was not at home.

LARA

How with the rest?

FRANCISCO

I've found
The men you wanted. They will all be there,
And at the given signal raise a whirlwind
Of such discordant noises, that the dance
Must cease for lack of music.

LARA

Bravely done.
Ah! little dost thou dream, sweet Preciosa,
What lies in wait for thee. Sleep shall not close
Thine eyes this night! Give me my cloak and sword. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A retired spot beyond the city gates. Enter VICTORIAN *and* HYPOLITO.

VICTORIAN

O shame! O shame! Why do I walk abroad
By daylight, when the very sunshine mocks me,
And voices, and familiar sights and sounds

Cry, "Hide thyself!" O what a thin partition
Doth shut out from the curious world the knowledge
Of evil deeds that have been done in darkness!
Disgrace has many tongues. My fears are windows,
Through which all eyes seem gazing. Every face
Expresses some suspicion of my shame,
And in derision seems to smile at me!

HYPOLITO

Did I not caution thee? Did I not tell thee
I was but half persuaded of her virtue?

VICTORIAN

And yet, Hypolito, we may be wrong,
We may be over-hasty in condemning!
The Count of Lara is a cursed villain.

HYPOLITO

And therefore is she cursed, loving him.

VICTORIAN

She does not love him! 'Tis for gold! for gold!

HYPOLITO

Ay, but remember, in the public streets
He shows a golden ring the Gypsy gave him,
A serpent with a ruby in its mouth.

VICTORIAN

She had that ring from me! God! she is false!
But I will be revenged! The hour is passed.
Where stays the coward?

HYPOLITO

Nay, he is no coward;
A villain, if thou wilt, but not a coward.
I've seen him play with swords; it is his pastime.
And therefore be not over-confident,
He'll task thy skill anon. Look, here he comes.

(*Enter* LARA, *followed by* FRANCISCO)

LARA

Good evening, gentlemen.

HYPOLITO

Good evening, Count.

LARA

I trust I have not kept you long in waiting.

VICTORIAN

Not long, and yet too long. Are you prepared?

LARA

I am.

HYPOLITO

It grieves me much to see this quarrel
Between you, gentlemen. Is there no way

Left open to accord this difference,
But you must make one with your swords?

VICTORIAN

No! none!
I do entreat thee, dear Hypolito,
Stand not between me and my foe. Too long
Our tongues have spoken. Let these tongues of steel
End our debate. Upon your guard, Sir Count!

(*They fight.* VICTORIAN *disarms the* COUNT)

Your life is mine; and what shall now withhold me
From sending your vile soul to its account?

LARA

Strike! strike!

VICTORIAN

You are disarmed. I will not kill you.
I will not murder you. Take up your sword.

(FRANCISCO *hands the* COUNT *his sword, and* HYPOLITO *interposes*)

HYPOLITO

Enough! Let it end here! The Count of Lara
Has shown himself a brave man, and Victorian
A generous one, as ever. Now be friends.
Put up your swords; for, to speak frankly to you,
Your cause of quarrel is too slight a thing
To move you to extremes.

LARA

I am content.
I sought no quarrel. A few hasty words,
Spoken in the heat of blood, have led to this.

VICTORIAN

Nay, something more than that.

LARA

I understand you.
Therein I did not mean to cross your path.
To me the door stood open, as to others.
But, had I known the girl belonged to you,
Never would I have sought to win her from you.
The truth stands now revealed; she has been false
To both of us.

VICTORIAN

Ay, false as hell itself!

LARA

In truth, I did not seek her; she sought me;
And told me how to win her, telling me
The hours when she was oftenest left alone.

VICTORIAN

Say, can you prove this to me? O, pluck out
These awful doubts, that goad me into madness!
Let me know all! all! all!

LARA

You shall know all.

Here is my page, who was the messenger
Between us. Question him. Was it not so,
Francisco?

FRANCISCO

Ay, my lord.

LARA

If farther proof
Is needful, I have here a ring she gave me.

VICTORIAN

Pray let me see that ring! It is the same!
(*Throws it upon the ground, and tramples upon it*)
Thus may she perish who once wore that ring!
Thus do I spurn her from me; do thus trample
Her memory in the dust! O Count of Lara,
We both have been abused, been much abused!
I thank you for your courtesy and frankness.
Though, like the surgeon's hand, yours gave me pain,
Yet it has cured my blindness, and I thank you.
I now can see the folly I have done,
Though 'tis, alas! too late. So fare you well!
To-night I leave this hateful town forever.
Regard me as your friend. Once more, farewell!

HYPOLITO

Farewell, Sir Count.

[*Exeunt* VICTORIAN *and* HYPOLITO.

LARA

Farewell! farewell! farewell!
Thus have I cleared the field of my worst foe!
I have none else to fear; the fight is done,
The citadel is stormed, the victory won!
[*Exit with* FRANCISCO.

SCENE VII.

A lane in the suburbs. Night. Enter CRUZADO *and* BARTOLOMÉ.

CRUZADO

And so, Bartolomé, the expedition failed. But where wast thou for the most part?

BARTOLOMÉ

In the Guadarrama mountains, near San Ildefonso.

CRUZADO

And thou bringest nothing back with thee? Didst thou rob no one?

BARTOLOMÉ

There was no one to rob, save a party of students from Segovia, who looked as if they would rob us; and a jolly little friar, who had nothing in his pockets but a missal and a loaf of bread.

CRUZADO

Pray, then, what brings thee back to Madrid?

BARTOLOMÉ

First tell me what keeps thee here?

CRUZADO

Preciosa.

BARTOLOMÉ

And she brings me back. Hast thou forgotten thy promise?

CRUZADO

The two years are not passed yet. Wait patiently. The girl shall be thine.

BARTOLOMÉ

I hear she has a Busné lover.

CRUZADO

That is nothing.

BARTOLOMÉ

I do not like it. I hate him,—the son of a Busné harlot. He goes in and out, and speaks with her alone, and I must stand aside, and wait his pleasure.

CRUZADO

Be patient, I say. Thou shalt have thy revenge. When the time comes, thou shalt waylay him.

BARTOLOMÉ

Meanwhile, show me her house.

CRUZADO

Come this way. But thou wilt not find her.
She dances at the play to-night.

BARTOLOMÉ

No matter. Show me the house. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

The Theater. The orchestra plays the cachucha. Sound of castanets behind the scenes. The curtain rises, and discovers PRECIOSA *in the attitude of commencing the dance. The cachucha. Tumult; hisses; cries of "Brava!" and "Afuera!" She falters and pauses. The music stops. General confusion.* PRECIOSA *faints.*

SCENE IX.

The COUNT OF LARA'S *chambers.* LARA *and his friends at supper.*

LARA

So, Caballeros, once more many thanks!
You have stood by me bravely in this matter.
Pray fill your glasses.

DON JUAN

Did you mark, Don Luis.

How pale she looked, when first the noise began,
And then stood still, with her large eyes dilated!
Her nostrils spread! her lips apart! her bosom
Tumultuous as the sea!

DON LUIS

I pitied her.

LARA

Her pride is humbled; and this very night
I mean to visit her.

DON JUAN

Will you serenade her?

LARA

No music! no more music!

DON LUIS

Why not music?
It softens many hearts.

LARA

Not in the humor
She now is in. Music would madden her.

DON JUAN

Try golden cymbals.

DON LUIS

Yes, try Don Dinero;
A mighty wooer is your Don Dinero.

LARA

To tell the truth, then, I have bribed her maid.
But, Caballeros, you dislike this wine.
A bumper and away; for the night wears.
A health to Preciosa.

(*They rise and drink*)

ALL

Preciosa.

LARA (*holding up his glass*)

Thou bright and flaming minister of Love!
Thou wonderful magician! who hast stolen
My secret from me, and mid sighs of passion
Caught from my lips, with red and fiery tongue,
Her precious name! O never more henceforth
Shall mortal lips press thine; and never more
A mortal name be whispered in thine ear.
Go! keep my secret!

(*Drinks and dashes the goblet down*)

DON JUAN

Ite! missa est!

(*Scene closes*)

SCENE X.

Street and garden wall. Night. Enter CRUZADO *and* BARTOLOMÉ.

CRUZADO

This is the garden wall, and above it, yonder, is her house. The window in which thou seest the light is her window. But we will not go in now.

BARTOLOMÉ

Why not?

CRUZADO

Because she is not at home.

BARTOLOMÉ

No matter; we can wait. But how is this? The gate is bolted. (*Sound of guitars and voices in a neighboring street.*) Hark! There comes her lover with his infernal serenade! Hark!

SONG.[1]

Good night! Good night, beloved!
  I come to watch o'er thee!
To be near thee,—to be near thee,
  Alone is peace for me.

Thine eyes are stars of morning,
  Thy lips are crimson flowers!
Good night! Good night, beloved,
  While I count the weary hours.

[1] Set to music by "Dolores," by M. W. Balfe. Quartet by Ciro Pinsuti. Male quartet by E. G. Monk.

CRUZADO

They are not coming this way.

BARTOLOMÉ

Wait, they begin again.

SONG (*coming nearer*).

Ah! thou moon that shinest
  Argent-clear above!
All night long enlighten
  My sweet lady-love!
  Moon that shinest,
All night long enlighten!

BARTOLOMÉ

Woe be to him, if he comes this way!

CRUZADO

Be quiet, they are passing down the street.

SONG (*dying away*).

The nuns in the cloister
  Sang to each other;
For so many sisters
  Is there not one brother!
Ay, for the partridge, mother!
  The cat has run away with the partridge!
Puss! puss! puss!

BARTOLOMÉ

Follow that! follow that! Come with me. Puss! puss!

(*Exeunt. On the opposite side enter the* COUNT OF LARA *and gentlemen, with* FRANCISCO)

LARA

The gate is fast. Over the wall, Francisco,
And draw the bolt. There, so, and so, and over.
Now, gentlemen, come in, and help me scale
Yon balcony. How now? Her light still burns.
Move warily. Make fast the gate, Francisco.

(*Exeunt. Re-enter* CRUZADO *and* BARTOLOMÉ)

BARTOLOMÉ

They went in at the gate. Hark! I hear them in the garden. (*Tries the gate.*) Bolted again! Vive Cristo! Follow me over the wall.

(*They climb the wall*)

SCENE XI.

PRECIOSA'S *bed-chamber. Midnight. She is sleeping in an arm-chair, in an undress.* DOLORES *watching her.*

DOLORES

She sleeps at last!

(*Opens the window and listens*)

All silent in the street,
And in the garden. Hark!

PRECIOSA (*in her sleep*)

I must go hence!
Give me my cloak!

DOLORES

He comes! I hear his footsteps!

PRECIOSA

Go tell them that I cannot dance to-night;
I am too ill! Look at me! See the fever
That burns upon my cheek! I must go hence.
I am too weak to dance.

(*Signal from the garden*)

DOLORES (*from the window*)

Who's there?

VOICE (*from below*)

A friend.

DOLORES

I will undo the door. Wait till I come.

PRECIOSA

I must go hence. I pray you do not harm me!
Shame! shame! to treat a feeble woman thus!
Be you but kind, I will do all things for you
I'm ready now,—give me my castanets.
Where is Victorian? Oh, those hateful lamps!
They glare upon me like an evil eye.
I cannot stay. Hark! how they mock at me!

They hiss at me like serpents! Save me! save me!

(*She wakes*)

How late is it, Dolores?

DOLORES

It is midnight.

PRECIOSA

We must be patient. Smooth this pillow for me.

(*She sleeps again. Noise from the garden, and voices*)

VOICE

Muera!

ANOTHER VOICE

O villains! villains!

LARA

So! have at you!

VOICE

Take that!

LARA

O, I am wounded!

DOLORES (*shutting the window*)

Jesu Maria!

ACT III

SCENE I. *A cross-road through a wood. In the background a distant village spire.* VICTORIAN *and* HYPOLITO, *as travelling students, with guitars, sitting under the trees.* HYPOLITO *plays and sings.*

SONG.

Ah, Love!
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!
Enemy
Of all that mankind may not rue!
Most untrue!
To him who keeps most faith with thee.
Woe is me!
The falcon has the eyes of the dove.
Ah, Love!
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

VICTORIAN

Yes, Love is ever busy with his shuttle,
Is ever weaving into life's dull warp
Bright, gorgeous flowers and scenes Arcadian;
Hanging our gloomy prison-house about
With tapestries, that make its walls dilate
In never-ending vistas of delight.

HYPOLITO

Thinking to walk in those Arcadian pastures,
Thou hast run thy noble head against the wall.

SONG (*continued*).

Thy deceits
Give us clearly to comprehend,
Whither tend
All thy pleasures, all thy sweets!
They are cheats,
Thorns below and flowers above.
Ah, Love!
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

VICTORIAN

A very pretty song. I thank thee for it.

HYPOLITO

It suits thy case.

VICTORIAN

Indeed, I think it does.
What wise man wrote it?

HYPOLITO

Lopez Maldonado.

VICTORIAN

In truth, a pretty song.

HYPOLITO

With much truth in it.
I hope thou wilt profit by it; and in earnest
Try to forget this lady of thy love.

VICTORIAN

I will forget her! All dear recollections
Pressed in my heart, like flowers within a book,

Shall be torn out, and scattered to the winds!
I will forget her! But perhaps hereafter,
When she shall learn how heartless is the world,
A voice within her will repeat my name,
And she will say, "He was indeed my friend!"
O, would I were a soldier, not a scholar,
That the loud march, the deafening beat of drums,
The shattering blast of the brass-throated trumpet,
The din of arms, the onslaught and the storm,
And a swift death, might make me deaf forever
To the upbraidings of this foolish heart!

HYPOLITO

Then let that foolish heart upbraid no more!
To conquer love, one need but will to conquer.

VICTORIAN

Yet, good Hypolito, it is in vain
I throw into Oblivion's sea the sword
That pierces me; for, like Excalibar,[1]
With gemmed and flashing hilt, it will not sink.
There rises from below a hand that grasps it,
And waves it in the air; and wailing voices
Are heard along the shore.

HYPOLITO

And yet at last
Down sank Excalibar to rise no more.

[1] Compare "The Coming of Arthur" in Tennyson's Idylls of the King.

This is not well. In truth, it vexes me.
Instead of whistling to the steeds of Time,
To make them jog on merrily with life's burden,
Like a dead weight thou hangest on the wheels.
Thou art too young, too full of lusty health
To talk of dying.

VICTORIAN

Yet I fain would die!
To go through life, unloving and unloved;
To feel that thirst and hunger of the soul
We cannot still; that longing, that wild impulse,
And struggle after something we have not
And cannot have; the effort to be strong;
And, like the Spartan boy, to smile, and smile,
While secret wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks;
All this the dead feel not,—the dead alone!
Would I were with them!

HYPOLITO

We shall all be soon.

VICTORIAN

It cannot be too soon; for I am weary
Of the bewildering masquerade of Life,
Where strangers walk as friends, and friends as
strangers;
Where whispers overheard betray false hearts;
And through the mazes of the crowd we chase
Some form of loveliness, that smiles, and
beckons,

And cheats us with fair words, only to leave us
A mockery and a jest; maddened,—confused,—
Not knowing friend from foe.

HYPOLITO

Why seek to know?
Enjoy the merry shrove-tide of thy youth!
Take each fair mask for what it gives itself,
Nor strive to look beneath it.

VICTORIAN

I confess,
That were the wiser part. But Hope no longer
Comforts my soul. I am a wretched man,
Much like a poor and shipwrecked mariner,
Who, struggling to climb up into the boat,
Has both his bruised and bleeding hands cut off,
And sinks again into the weltering sea,
Helpless and hopeless!

HYPOLITO

Yet thou shalt not perish.
The strength of thine own arm is thy salvation.
Above thy head, through rifted clouds, there shines
A glorious star. Be patient. Trust thy star!

(*Sound of a village bell in the distance*)

VICTORIAN

Ave Maria! I hear the sacristan

Ringing the chimes from yonder village belfry!
A solemn sound, that echoes far and wide
Over the red roofs of the cottages,
And bids the laboring hind a-field, the shepherd,
Guarding his flock, the lonely muleteer,
And all the crowd in village streets, stand still,
And breathe a prayer unto the blessed Virgin!

HYPOLITO

Amen! amen! Not half a league from hence
The village lies.

VICTORIAN

This path will lead us to it,
Over the wheat fields, where the shadows sail
Across the running sea, now green, now blue,
And, like an idle mariner on the main,
Whistles the quail. Come, let us hasten on.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Public square in the village of Guadarrama. The Ave Maria still tolling. A crowd of villagers, with their hats in their hands, as if in prayer. In front, a group of Gypsies. The bell rings a merrier peal. A Gypsy dance. Enter PANCHO, *followed by* PEDRO CRESPO.

PANCHO

Make room, ye vagabonds and Gypsy thieves!
Make room for the Alcalde and for me!

PEDRO CRESPO

Keep silence all! I have an edict here
From our most gracious lord, the King of Spain,
Jerusalem, and the Canary Islands,
Which I shall publish in the market-place.
Open your ears and listen!

(*Enter the* PADRE CURA *at the door of his cottage*)

Padre Cura,
Good day! and, pray you, hear this edict read.

PADRE CURA

Good day, and God be with you! Pray, what is it?

PEDRO CRESPO

An act of banishment against the Gypsies!
(*Agitation and murmurs in the crowd*)

PANCHO

Silence!

PEDRO CRESPO (*reads*)

"I hereby order and command,
That the Egyptian and Chaldean strangers,
Known by the name of Gypsies, shall henceforth
Be banished from the realm, as vagabonds
And beggars; and if, after seventy days,
Any be found within our kingdom's bounds,
They shall receive a hundred lashes each;
The second time, shall have their ears cut off;

The third, be slaves for life to him who takes them,
Or burnt as heretics. Signed, I, the King."
Vile miscreants and creatures unbaptized!
You hear the law! Obey and disappear!

PANCHO

And if in seventy days you are not gone,
Dead or alive I make you all my slaves.

(*The Gypsies go out in confusion, showing signs of fear and discontent.* PANCHO *follows*)

PADRE CURA

A righteous law! A very righteous law!
Pray you, sit down.

PEDRO CRESPO

I thank you heartily.

(*They seat themselves on a bench at the* PADRE CURA'S *door. Sound of guitars heard at a distance, approaching during the dialogue which follows*)

A very righteous judgment, as you say.
Now tell me, Padre Cura,—you know all things,—
How came these Gypsies into Spain?

PADRE CURA

Why, look you;
They came with Hercules from Palestine,

And hence are thieves and vagrants, Sir Alcalde,
As the Simoniacs from Simon Magus.
And, look you, as Fray Jayme Bleda says,
There are a hundred marks to prove a Moor
Is not a Christian, so 'tis with the Gypsies.
They never marry, never go to mass,
Never baptize their children, nor keep Lent,
Nor see the inside of a church,—nor—nor—

PEDRO CRESPO

Good reasons, good, substantial reasons all!
No matter for the other ninety-five.
They should be burnt, I see it plain enough,
They should be burnt.

(*Enter* VICTORIAN *and* HYPOLITO *playing*)

PADRE CURA

And pray, whom have we here?

PEDRO CRESPO

More vagrants! By Saint Lazarus, more vagrants!

HYPOLITO

Good evening, gentlemen! Is this Guadarrama?

PADRE CURA

Yes, Guadarrama, and good evening to you.

HYPOLITO

We seek the Padre Cura of the village;

And, judging from your dress and reverend mien,
You must be he.

PADRE CURA

I am. Pray, what's your pleasure?

HYPOLITO

We are poor students, travelling in vacation.
You know this mark?
(*Touching the wooden spoon in his hat-band*)

PADRE CURA (*joyfully*)

Ay, know it, and have worn it.

PEDRO CRESPO (*aside*)

Soup-eaters! by the mass! The worst of vagrants!
And there's no law against them. Sir, your servant. [*Exit.*

PADRE CURA

Your servant, Pedro Crespo.

HYPOLITO

Padre Cura,
From the first moment I beheld your face,
I said within myself, "This is the man!"
There is a certain something in your looks,
A certain scholar-like and studious something,—
You understand,—which cannot be mistaken;
Which marks you as a very learned man,
In fine, as one of us.

VICTORIAN (*aside*)

What impudence!

HYPOLITO

As we approached, I said to my companion,
"That is the Padre Cura; mark my words!"
Meaning your Grace. "The other man," said I,
"Who sits so awkwardly upon the bench,
Must be the sacristan."

PADRE CURA

Ah! said you so?
Why, that was Pedro Crespo, the alcalde!

HYPOLITO

Indeed! you much astonish me! His air
Was not so full of dignity and grace
As an alcalde's should be.

PADRE CURA

That is true.
He's out of humor with some vagrant Gypsies,
Who have their camp here in the neighborhood.
There's nothing so undignified as anger.

HYPOLITO

The Padre Cura will excuse our boldness,
If, from his well-known hospitality,
We crave a lodging for the night.

PADRE CURA

I pray you!
You do me honor! I am but too happy
To have such guests beneath my humble roof.
It is not often that I have occasion
To speak with scholars; and *Emollit mores,*
Nec sinit esse feros, Cicero says.

HYPOLITO

'Tis Ovid, is it not?

PADRE CURA

No, Cicero.

HYPOLITO

Your Grace is right. You are the better scholar.
Now what a dunce was I to think it Ovid!
But hang me if it is not! (*Aside*)

PADRE CURA

Pass this way.
He was a very great man, was Cicero!
Pray you, go in, go in! no ceremony. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A room in the PADRE CURA'S *house. Enter the* PADRE *and* HYPOLITO.

PADRE CURA

So then, Señor, you come from Alcalá.
I am glad to hear it. It was there I studied.

HYPOLITO

And left behind an honored name, no doubt.
How may I call your Grace?

PADRE CURA

Gerónimo
De Santillana, at your Honor's service.

HYPOLITO

Descended from the Marquis Santillana?
From the distinguished poet?

PADRE CURA

From the Marquis,
Not from the poet.

HYPOLITO

Why, they were the same.
Let me embrace you! O some lucky star
Has brought me hither! Yet once more!—once more!
Your name is ever green in Alcalá
And our professor, when we are unruly,
Will shake his hoary head, and say, "Alas!
It was not so in Santillana's time!"

PADRE CURA

I did not think my name remembered there.

HYPOLITO

More than remembered; it is idolized.

PADRE CURA

Of what professor speak you?

HYPOLITO

Timoneda.

PADRE CURA

I don't remember any Timoneda.

HYPOLITO

A grave and sombre man, whose beetling brow
O'erhangs the rushing current of his speech
As rocks o'er rivers hang. Have you forgotten?

PADRE CURA

Indeed, I have. O, those were pleasant days,
Those college days! I ne'er shall see the like!
I had not buried then so many hopes!
I had not buried then so many friends!
I've turned my back on what was then before me;
And the bright faces of my young companions
Are wrinkled like my own, or are no more.
Do you remember Cueva?

HYPOLITO

Cueva? Cueva?

PADRE CURA

Fool that I am! He was before your time.
You're a mere boy, and I am an old man.

HYPOLITO

I should not like to try my strength with you.

PADRE CURA

Well, well. But I forget; you must be hungry.
Martina! ho! Martina! 'Tis my niece.
(*Enter* MARTINA)

HYPOLITO

You may be proud of such a niece as that.
I wish I had a niece. *Emollit mores.* (*Aside*)
He was a very great man, was Cicero!
Your servant, fair Martina.

MARTINA

Servant, sir.

PADRE CURA

This gentleman is hungry. See thou to it.
Let us have supper.

MARTINA

'Twill be ready soon.

PADRE CURA

And bring a bottle of my Val-de-Peñas
Out of the cellar. Stay; I'll go myself.
Pray you, Señor, excuse me. [*Exit.*

HYPOLITO

Hist! Martina!
One word with you. Bless me! what handsome eyes!

To-day there have been Gypsies in the village.
Is it not so?

MARTINA

There have been Gypsies here.

HYPOLITO

Yes, and they told your fortune.

MARTINA (*embarrassed*)

Told my fortune?

HYPOLITO

Yes, yes; I know they did. Give me your hand.
I'll tell you what they said. They said,—they said,
The shepherd boy that loved you was a clown,
And him you should not marry. Was it not?

MARTINI (*surprised*)

How know you that?

HYPOLITO

O, I know more than that.
What a soft, little hand! And then they said,
A cavalier from court, handsome, and tall
And rich, should come one day to marry you,
And you should be a lady. Was it not?
He has arrived, the handsome cavalier.

(*Tries to kiss her. She runs off. Enter* VICTORIAN, *with a letter*)

VICTORIAN

The muleteer has come.

HYPOLITO

So soon?

VICTORIAN

I found him
Sitting at supper by the tavern door,
And, from a pitcher that he held aloft
His whole arm's length, drinking the blood-red wine.

HYPOLITO

What news from Court?

VICTORIAN

He brought this letter only. (*Reads*)
O cursed perfidy! Why did I let
That lying tongue deceive me! Preciosa,
Sweet Preciosa! how art thou avenged!

HYPOLITO

What news is this, that makes thy cheek turn pale,
And thy hand tremble?

VICTORIAN

O, most infamous!
The Count of Lara is a worthless villain!

HYPOLITO

That is no news. forsooth.

VICTORIAN

He strove in vain
To steal from me the jewel of my soul,
The love of Preciosa. Not succeeding,
He swore to be revenged; and set on foot
A plot to ruin her, which has succeeded.
She has been hissed and hooted from the stage,
Her reputation stained by slanderous lies
Too foul to speak of; and, once more a beggar,
She roams a wanderer over God's green earth,
Housing with Gypsies!

HYPOLITO

To renew again
The Age of Gold, and make the shepherd swains
Desperate with love, like Gasper Gil's Diana.
Redit et Virgo!

VICTORIAN

Dear Hypolito,
How have I wronged that meek, confiding heart!
I will go seek for her; and with my tears
Wash out the wrong I've done her!

HYPOLITO

O beware!
Act not that folly o'er again.

VICTORIAN

Ay, folly,
Delusions, madness, call it what thou wilt,
I will confess my weakness,—I still love her!
Still fondly love her!

(*Enter the* PADRE CURA)

HYPOLITO

Tell us, Padre Cura,
Who are these Gypsies in the neighborhood?

PADRE CURA

Beltran Cruzado and his crew.

VICTORIAN

Kind Heaven,
I thank thee! She is found! is found again!

HYPOLITO

And have they with them a pale, beautiful girl,
Called Preciosa?

PADRE CURA

Ay, a pretty girl.
The gentleman seems moved.

HYPOLITO

Yes, moved with hunger,
He is half famished with this long day's journey.

PADRE CURA

Then, pray you, come this way. The supper waits. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A post-house on the road to Segovia, not far from the village of Guadarrama. Enter CHISPA, *cracking a whip and singing the Cachucha.*

CHISPA

Halloo! Don Fulano! Let us have horses, and quickly. Alas, poor Chispa! what a dog's life dost thou lead! I thought, when I left my old master Victorián, the student, to serve my new master Don Carlos, the gentleman, that I, too, should lead the life of a gentleman; should go to bed early, and get up late. For when the abbot plays cards, what can you expect of the friars? But, in running away from the thunder, I have run into the lightning. Here I am in hot chase after my master and his Gypsy girl. And a good beginning of the week it is, as he said who was hanged on Monday morning.

(*Enter* DON CARLOS)

DON CARLOS

Are not the horses ready yet?

CHISPA

I should think not, for the hostler seems to be asleep. Ho! within there! Horses! horses! horses! (*He knocks at the gate with his whip, and enter* MOSQUITO, *putting on his jacket*)

MOSQUITO

Pray, have a little patience. I'm not a musket.

CHISPA

Health and pistareens! I'm glad to see you come on dancing, padre! Pray, what's the news?

MOSQUITO

You cannot have fresh horses; because there are none.

CHISPA

Cachiporra! Throw that bone to another dog. Do I look like your aunt?

MOSQUITO

No; she has a beard.

CHISPA

Go to! go to!

MOSQUITO

Are you from Madrid?

CHISPA

Yes; and going to Estramadura. Get us horses.

MOSQUITO

What's the news at Court?

CHISPA

Why, the latest news is, that I am going to set up a coach, and I have already bought the whip.

(*Strikes him round the legs*)

MOSQUITO

Oh! oh! you hurt me!

DON CARLOS

Enough of this folly. Let us have horses. (*Gives money to* MOSQUITO.) It is almost dark; and we are in haste. But tell me, has a band of Gypsies passed this way of late?

MOSQUITO

Yes; and they are still in the neighborhood.

DON CARLOS

And where?

MOSQUITO

Across the fields yonder, in the woods near Guadarrama. [*Exit.*

DON CARLOS

Now this is lucky. We will visit the Gypsy camp.

CHISPA

Are you not afraid of the evil eye? Have you a stag's horn with you?

DON CARLOS

Fear not. We will pass the night at the village.

CHISPA

And sleep like the Squires of Hernan Daza, nine under one blanket.

DON CARLOS

I hope we may find the Preciosa among them.

CHISPA

Among the Squires?

DON CARLOS

No; among the Gypsies, blockhead!

CHISPA

I hope we may; for we are giving ourselves trouble enough on her account. Don't you think so? However, there is no catching trout without wetting one's trousers. Yonder come the horses. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Gypsy camp in the forest. Night. Gypsies working at a forge. Others playing cards by the fire-light.

GYPSIES (*at the forge sing*).

On the top of a mountain I stand,
With a crown of red gold in my hand,
Wild Moors come trooping over the lea,
O how from their fury shall I flee, flee, flee?
O how from their fury shall I flee?

FIRST GYPSY (*playing*)

Down with your John-Dorados, my pigeon. Down with your John-Dorados, and let us make an end.

GYPSIES (*at the forge sing*).

Loud sang the Spanish cavalier,
And thus his ditty ran;
God send the Gypsie lassie here,
And not the Gypsy man.

FIRST GYPSY (*playing*)

There you are in your morocco!

SECOND GYPSY

One more game. The Alcalde's doves against the Padre Cura's new moon.

FIRST GYPSY

Have at you, Chirelin.

GYPSIES (*at the forge sing*).

At midnight, when the moon began
To show her silver flame,
There came to him no Gypsy man,
The Gypsy lassie came.

(*Enter* BELTRAN CRUZADO)

CRUZADO

Come hither, Murcigalleros and Rastilleros; leave work, leave play; listen to your orders for the night. (*Speaking to the right.*) You will get you to the village, mark you, by the stone cross.

GYPSIES

Ay!

CRUZADO (*to the left*)

And you, by the pole with the hermit's head upon it.

GYPSIES

Ay!

CRUZADO

As soon as you see the planets are out, in with you, and be busy with the ten commandments, under the sly, and Saint Martin asleep. D'ye hear?

GYPSIES

Ay!

CRUZADO

Keep your lanterns open, and, if you see a goblin or a papagayo,[1] take to your trampers. Vineyards and Dancing John is the word. Am I comprehended?

GYPSIES

Ay! ay!

CRUZADO

Away, then!

(*Exeunt severally.* CRUZARDO *walks up the stage, and disappears among the trees. Enter* PRECIOSA)

PRECIOSA

How strangely gleams through the gigantic trees
The red light of the forge! Wild, beckoning shadows
Stalk through the forest, ever and anon
Rising and bending with the flickering flame,
Then flitting into darkness! So within me
Strange hopes and fears do beckon to each other,
My brightest hopes giving dark fears a being
As the light does the shadow. Woe is me!
How still it is about me, and how lonely!

(BARTOLOMÉ *rushes in*)

[1] Literally Parrot. See note, p. 426.

BARTOLOMÉ

Ho! Preciosa!

PRECIOSA

O Bartolomé!
Thou here?

BARTOLOMÉ

Lo! I am here.

PRECIOSA

Whence comest thou?

BARTOLOMÉ

From the rough ridges of the wild Sierra,
From caverns in the rocks, from hunger, thirst,
And fever! Like a wild wolf to the sheepfold
Come I for thee, my lamb.

PRECIOSA

O touch me not!
The Count of Lara's blood is on thy hands!
The Count of Lara's curse is on thy soul!
Do not come near me! Pray, begone from here!
Thou art in danger! They have set a price
Upon thy head!

BARTOLOMÉ

Ay, and I've wandered long
Among the mountains; and for many days
Have seen no human face, save the rough swine-
herd's.

The wind and rain have been my sole companions.
I shouted to them from the rocks thy name,
And the loud echo sent it back to me,
Till I grew mad. I could not stay from thee,
And I am here! Betray me, if thou wilt.

PRECIOSA

Betray thee? I betray thee?

BARTOLOMÉ

Preciosa!
I come for thee! for thee I thus brave death!
Fly with me o'er the borders of this realm!
Fly with me!

PRECIOSA

Speak of that no more. I cannot.
I'm thine no longer.

BARTOLOMÉ

O, recall the time
When we were children! how we played together,
How we grew up together; how we plighted
Our hearts unto each other, even in childhood!
Fulfil thy promise, for the hour has come.
I'm hunted from the kingdom, like a wolf!
Fulfil thy promise.

PRECIOSA

'Twas my father's promise,
Not mine. I never gave my heart to thee,
Nor promised thee my hand!

BARTOLOMÉ

False tongue of woman!
And heart more false!

PRECIOSA

Nay, listen unto me.
I will speak frankly. I have never loved thee;
I cannot love thee. This is not my fault,
It is my destiny. Thou art a man
Restless and violent. What wouldst thou with me,
A feeble girl, who have not long to live,
Whose heart is broken? Seek another wife,
Better than I, and fairer; and let not
Thy rash and headlong moods estrange her from thee.
Thou art unhappy in this hopeless passion.
I never sought thy love; never did aught
To make thee love me. Yet I pity thee,
And most of all I pity thy wild heart,
That hurries thee to crimes and deeds of blood.
Beware, beware of that.

BARTOLOMÉ

For thy dear sake
I will be gentle. Thou shalt teach me patience.

PRECIOSA

Then take this farewell, and depart in peace.
Thou must not linger here.

BARTOLOMÉ

Come, come with me.

PRECIOSA

Hark! I hear footsteps.

BARTOLOMÉ

I entreat thee, come!

PRECIOSA

Away! It is in vain.

BARTOLOMÉ

Wilt thou not come?

PRECIOSA

Never!

BARTOLOMÉ

Then woe, eternal woe, upon thee!
Thou shalt not be another's. Thou shalt die.
[*Exit.*

PRECIOSA

All holy angels keep me in this hour!
Spirit of her who bore me, look upon me!
Mother of God, the glorified, protect me!
Christ and the saints, be merciful unto me!
Yet why should I fear death? What is it to
die?
To leave all disappointment, care, and sorrow,

To leave all falsehood, teachery, and unkindness,
All ignominy, suffering, and despair,
And be at rest forever! O dull heart,
Be of good cheer! When thou shalt cease to beat,
Then shalt thou cease to suffer and complain!

(*Enter* VICTORIAN *and* HYPOLITO *behind*)

VICTORIAN

'Tis she! Behold, how beautiful she stands
Under the tent-like trees.

HYPOLITO

A woodland nymph!

VICTORIAN

I pray thee, stand aside. Leave me.

HYPOLITO

Be wary.
Do not betray thyself too soon.

VICTORIAN (*disguising his voice*)

Hist! Gypsy!

PRECIOSA (*aside, with emotion*)

That voice! that voice from heaven! O speak again!
Who is it calls?

VICTORIAN

A friend.

PRECIOSA (*aside*)

'Tis he! 'Tis he!
I thank thee, Heaven, that thou hast heard my prayer,
And sent me this protector! Now be strong,
Be strong, my heart! I must dissemble here.
False friend or true?

VICTORIAN

A true friend to the true;
Fear not; come hither. So; can you tell fortunes?

PRECIOSA

Not in the dark. Come nearer to the fire.
Give me your hand. It is not crossed, I see.

VICTORIAN (*putting a piece of gold into her hand*)

There is the cross.

PRECIOSA

Is't silver?

VICTORIAN

No, 'tis gold.

PRECIOSA

There's a fair lady at the Court, who loves you,
And for yourself alone.

VICTORIAN

Fie! the old story!

Tell me a better fortune for my money;
Not this old woman's tale!

PRECIOSA

You are passionate;
And this same passionate humor in your blood
Has marred your fortune. Yes; I see it now;
The line of life is crossed by many marks.
Shame! shame! O you have wronged the maid
who loved you!
How could you do it?

VICTORIAN

I never loved a maid;
For she I loved was then a maid no more.

PRECIOSA

How know you that?

VICTORIAN

A little bird in the air
Whispered the secret.

PRECIOSA

There, take back your gold!
Your hand is cold, like a deceiver's hand!
There is no blessing in its charity!
Make her your wife, for you have been abused;
And you shall mend your fortunes, mending
hers.

VICTORIAN (*aside*)

How like an angel's speaks the tongue of woman,
When pleading in another's cause her own!
That is a pretty ring upon your finger.
Pray give it me. (*Tries to take the ring*)

PRECIOSA

No; never from my hand
Shall that be taken!

VICTORIAN

Why, 'tis but a ring.
I'll give it back to you; or, if I keep it,
Will give you gold to buy you twenty such.

PRECIOSA

Why would you have this ring?

VICTORIAN

A traveller's fancy,
A whim, and nothing more. I would fain keep it
As a memento of the Gypsy camp
In Guadarrama, and the fortune-teller
Who sent me back to wed a widowed maid.
Pray, let me have the ring.

PRECIOSA

No, never! never!
I will not part with it, even when I die;

But bid my nurse fold my pale fingers thus,
That it may not fall from them. 'Tis a token
Of a beloved friend, who is no more.

VICTORIAN

How? dead?

PRECIOSA

Yes; dead to me; and worse than dead.
He is estranged! And yet I keep this ring.
I will rise with it from my grave hereafter,
To prove to him that I was never false.

VICTORIAN (*aside*)

Be still, my swelling heart! one moment, still!
Why, 'tis the folly of a love-sick girl.
Come, give it me, or I will say 'tis mine,
And that you stole it.

PRECIOSA

O, you will not dare
To utter such a falsehood!

VICTORIAN

I not dare?
Look in my face, and say if there is aught
I have not dared, I would not dare for thee!

(*She rushes into his arms*)

PRECIOSA

'Tis thou! 'tis thou! Yes; yes; my heart's elected!

My dearest-dear Victorian! my soul's heaven!
Where hast thou been so long? Why didst thou
leave me?

VICTORIAN

Ask me not now, my dearest Preciosa.
Let me forget we ever have been parted!

PRECIOSA

Hadst thou not come—

VICTORIAN

I pray thee, do not chide me!

PRECIOSA

I should have perished here among these Gypsies.

VICTORIAN

Forgive me, sweet! for what I made thee suffer.
Think'st thou this heart could feel a moment's
joy,
Thou being absent? O, believe it not!
Indeed, since that sad hour I have not slept,
For thinking of the wrong I did to thee!
Dost thou forgive me? Say, wilt thou forgive
me?

PRECIOSA

I have forgiven thee. Ere those words of anger
Were in the book of Heaven writ down against
thee,
I had forgiven thee.

VICTORIAN

I'm the veriest fool
That walks the earth, to have believed thee false.
It was the Count of Lara—

PRECIOSA

That bad man
Has worked me harm enough. Hast thou not heard—

VICTORIAN

I have heard all. And yet speak on, speak on!
Let me but hear thy voice, and I am happy;
For every tone, like some sweet incantation,
Calls up the buried past to plead for me.
Speak, my beloved, speak into my heart,
Whatever fills and agitates thine own.
(*They walk aside*)

HYPOLITO

All gentle quarrels in the pastoral poets,
All passionate love scenes in the best romances,
All chaste embraces on the public stage,
All soft adventures, which the liberal stars
Have winked at, as the natural course of things,
Have been surpassed here by my friend, the student,
And this sweet Gypsy lass, fair Preciosa!

PRECIOSA

Señor Hypolito! I kiss your hand.

Pray, shall I tell your fortune?

HYPOLITO

Not to-night;
For, should you treat me as you did Victorian,
And send me back to marry maids forlorn,
My wedding day would last from now till Christmas.

CHISPA (*within*)

What ho! the Gypsies, ho! Beltran Cruzado!
Halloo! halloo! halloo! halloo!
(*Enters booted, with a whip and lantern*)

VICTORIAN

What now?
Why such a fearful din? Hast thou been robbed?

CHISPA

Ay, robbed and murdered; and good evening to you,
My worthy masters.

VICTORIAN

Speak; what brings thee here?

CHISPA (*to Preciosa*)

Good news from Court; good news! Beltran Cruzado,
The Count of the Calés, is not your father,
But your true father has returned to Spain
Laden with wealth. You are no more a Gypsy.

VICTORIAN

Strange as a Moorish tale!

CHISPA

And we have all
Been drinking at the tavern to your health,
As wells drink in November, when it rains.

VICTORIAN

Where is the gentleman?

CHISPA

As the old song says,

His body is in Segovia,
His soul is in Madrid.

PRECIOSA

Is this a dream? O, if it be a dream,
Let me sleep on, and do not wake me yet!
Repeat thy story! Say I'm not deceived!
Say that I do not dream! I am awake;
This is the Gypsy camp; this is Victorian,
And this his friend, Hypolito! Speak! speak!
Let me not wake and find it all a dream!

VICTORIAN

It is a dream, sweet child! a waking dream,
A blissful certainty, a vision bright
Of that rare happiness, which even on earth
Heaven gives to those it loves. Now art thou
rich,

As thou wast ever beautiful and good;
And I am now the beggar.

PRECIOSA (*giving him her hand*)
I have still
A hand to give.

CHISPA (*aside*)
And I have two to take.
I've heard my grandmother say, that Heaven gives almonds
To those who have no teeth. That's nuts to crack.
I've teeth to spare, but where shall I find almonds?

VICTORIAN

What more of this strange story?

CHISPA

Nothing more.
Your friend Don Carlos, is now at the village
Showing to Pedro Crespo, the Alcalde,
The proofs of what I tell you. The old hag,
Who stole you in your childhood, has confessed;
And probably they'll hang her for the crime,
To make the celebration more complete.

VICTORIAN

No; let it be a day of general joy;
Fortune comes well to all, that comes not late.
Now let us join Don Carlos.

HYPOLITO

So farewell,
The student's wandering life! Sweet serenades,
Sung under ladies' windows in the night,
And all that makes vacation beautiful!
To you, ye cloistered shades of Alcalá,
To you, ye radiant visions of romance,
Written in books, but here surpassed by truth,
The Bachelor Hypolito returns,
And leaves the Gypsy with the Spanish Student.

SCENE VI.

A pass in the Guadarrama mountains. Early morning. A muleteer crosses the stage, sitting sideways on his mule, and lighting a paper cigar with flint and steel.

SONG.[1]

If thou art sleeping, maiden,
Awake and open thy door,
'Tis the break of day, and we must away,
O'er meadow, and mount, and moor,

Wait not to find thy slippers,
But come with thy naked feet;
We shall have to pass through the dewy grass,
And waters wide and fleet.

(*Disappears down the pass. Enter a Monk. A Shepherd appears on the rocks above.*)

[1] Set to music by V. Cirillo.

MONK

Ave maria, gratia plena.[1] Olá! good man!

SHEPHERD

Olá!

MONK

Is this the road to Segovia?

SHEPHERD

It is, your reverence.

MONK

How far is it?

SHEPHERD

I do not know.

MONK

What is that yonder in the valley?

SHEPHERD

San Ildefonso.

MONK

A long way to breakfast.

SHEPHERD

Ay, marry.

MONK

Are there robbers in these mountains?

SHEPHERD

Yes, and worse than that.

[1] "Hail Mary full of Grace."

MONK

What?

SHEPHERD

Wolves.

MONK

Santa Maria! Come with me to San Ildefonso, and thou shalt be well rewarded.

SHEPHERD

What wilt thou give me?

MONK

An Agnus Dei and my benediction.

(*They disappear. A mounted Contrabandista passes, wrapped in his cloak, and a gun at his saddle-bow. He goes down the pass singing.*)

SONG.

Worn with speed is my good steed,
And I march me hurried, worried;
Onward, caballito mio,[1]
With the white star in thy forehead!
Onward, for here comes the Ronda,
And I hear their rifles crack!
Ay, jaléo![2] Ay, ay, jaléo!
Ay, jaléo! They cross our track.

(*Song dies away. Enter* PRECIOSA, *on horseback, attended by* VICTORIAN, HYPOLITO, DON CARLOS, *and* CHISPA, *on foot, and armed*)

[1] My little horse.
[2] Halloo.

VICTORIAN

This is the highest point. Here let us rest.
See, Preciosa, see how all about us
Kneeling, like hooded friars, the misty mountains
Receive the benediction of the sun!
O glorious sight!

PRECIOSA

Most beautiful indeed!

HYPOLITO

Most wonderful!

VICTORIAN

And in the vale below,
Where yonder steeples flash like lifted halberds,
San Ildefonso, from its noisy belfries,
Sends up a salutation to the morn,
As if an army smote their brazen shields,
And shouted victory!

PRECIOSA

And which way lies
Segovia?

VICTORIAN

At a great distance yonder.
Dost thou not see it?

PRECIOSA

No, I do not see it.

VICTORIAN

The merest flaw that dents the horizon's edge.
There, yonder!

HYPOLITO

'Tis a notable old town,
Boasting an ancient Roman aqueduct,
And an Alcázar, builded by the Moors,
Wherein, you may remember, poor Gil Blas
Was fed on *Pan del Rey*.[1] O, many a time
Out of its grated windows have I looked
Hundreds of feet plumb down to the Eresma,
That, like a serpent through the valley creeping,
Glides at its foot.

PRECIOSA

O yes! I see it now,
Yet rather with my heart than with mine eyes,
So faint it is. And, all my thoughts sail thither,
Freighted with prayers and hopes, and forward urged
Against all stress of accident, as in
The Eastern Tale, against the wind and tide
Great ships were drawn to the Magnetic Mountains,
And there were wrecked, and perished in the sea!
(*she weeps.*)

[1] Bread of the King.

VICTORIAN

O gentle spirit! Thou didst bear unmoved
Blasts of adversity and frosts of fate!
But the first ray of sunshine that falls on thee
Melts thee to tears! O, let thy weary heart
Lean upon mine! and it shall faint no more,
Nor thirst, nor hunger; but be comforted
And filled with my affection.

PRECIOSA

Stay no longer!
My father waits. Methinks I see him there,
Now looking from the window, and now watching
Each sound of wheels or footfall in the street,
And saying, "Hark! she comes!" O father! father!

(*They descend the pass.* CHISPA *remains behind.*)

CHISPA

I have a father, too, but he is a dead one. Alas and alack-a-day! Poor was I born, and poor do I remain. I neither win nor lose. Thus I wag through the world, half the time on foot, and the other half walking; and always as merry as a thunder-storm in the night. And so we plough along, as the fly said to the ox. Who knows what may happen? Patience, and shuffle the cards! I am not yet so bald that you can

see my brains; and perhaps, after all, I shall some day go to Rome, and come back Saint Peter. Benedicite! [*Exit.*

(*A pause. Then enter* BARTOLOMÉ *wildly, as if in pursuit, with a carbine in his hand.*)

BARTOLOMÉ

They passed this way! I hear their horses' hoofs!
Yonder I see them! Come, sweet caramillo,[1]
This serenade shall be the Gypsy's last!

(*Fires down the pass.*)

Ha! ha! Well whistled, my sweet caramillo!
Well whistled!—I have missed her!—O my God!

(*The shot is returned.* BARTOLOMÉ *falls.*)

[1] Little flute.

NOTES

NOTES

Page 97. *Coplas de Manrique.*

This poem of Manrique is a great favorite in Spain. No less than four poetic Glosses, or running commentaries, upon it have been published, no one of which, however, possesses great poetic merit. That of the Carthusian monk, Rodrigo de Valdepeñas, is the best. It is known as the *Glosa del Cartujo.* There is also a prose Commentary by Luis de Aranda.

The following stanzas of the poem were found in the author's pocket, after his death on the field of battle.

"O World! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed!
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

"Our days are covered o'er with grief,
And sorrow neither few nor brief
Veil all in gloom;
Left desolate of real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom.

"Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
Or dark despair;
Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.

"Thy goods are bought with many a groan,
By the hot sweat of toil alone,
And weary hearts;

Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step and slow
Its form departs."

Page 120. *The Luck of Edenhall.*

The tradition upon which this ballad is founded, and the "shards of the Luck of Edenhall," still exist in England. The goblet is in the possession of Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bart., of Eden Hall, Cumberland; and is not so entirely shattered as the ballad leaves it.

Page 123. *The Elected Knight.*

This strange and somewhat mystical ballad is from Nyerup and Rahbek's *Danske Viser* of the Middle Ages. It seems to refer to the first preaching of Christianity in the North, and to the institution of Knight-Errantry. The three maidens I suppose to be Faith, Hope, and Charity. The irregularities of the original have been carefully preserved in the translation.

Page 130. *My Grave!*

Nils Juel was a celebrated Danish Admiral, and Peder Wessel, a Vice-Admiral, who for his great prowess received the popular title of Tordenskiold, or Thunder-shield. In childhood he was a tailor's apprentice, and rose to his high rank before the age of twenty-eight, when he was killed in a duel.

Page 153. *The Blind Girl of Castel-Cuille.*

Jasmin, the author of this beautiful poem, is to the South of France what Burns is to the South of Scotland,—the representative of the heart of the people,—one of those happy bards who are born with their mouths full of birds (la bouco pleno d'aouzelous). He has written his own biography in a poetic form, and the simple narrative of his poverty, his struggles, and his triumphs, is very touching. He still lives at Agen, on the Garonne; and long may he live there to delight his native land with native songs!

The following description of his person and way of life is taken from the graphic pages of "Béarn and the Pyrenees," by Louisa Stuart Costello, whose charming pen has done so much to illustrate the French provinces and their literature.

"At the entrance of the promenade, Du Gravier, is a row of

small houses,—some *cafés,* others shops, the indication of which is a painted cloth placed across the way, with the owner's name in bright gold letters, in the manner of the arcades in the streets, and their announcements. One of the most glaring of these was, we observed, a bright blue flag bordered with gold; on which, in large gold letters, appeared the name of 'Jasmin, Coiffeur.' We entered, and were welcomed by a smiling, dark-eyed woman, who informed us that her husband was busy at that moment dressing a customer's hair, but he was desirous to receive us, and begged we would walk into his parlor at the back of the shop.

. . . . .

"She exhibited to us a laurel crown of gold, of delicate workmanship, sent from the city of Clemence Isaure, Toulouse, to the poet; who will probably one day take his place in the *capitoul.* Next came a golden cup, with an inscription in his honor, given by the citizens of Auch; a gold watch, chain, and seals, sent by the king, Louis Philippe; an emerald ring worn and presented by the lamented Duke of Orleans; a pearl pin, by the graceful Duchess, who, on the poet's visit to Paris accompanied by his son, received him in the words he puts into the mouth of Henri Quatre:—

'Brabes Gascous!
A moun amou per bous aou dibes creyre:
Benès! benès! ey plazé de bous beyre:
Aproucha bous!'

A fine service of linen, the offering of the town of Pau, after its citizens had given fêtes in his honor, and loaded him with caresses and praises; and knickknacks and jewels of all descriptions offered to him by lady-ambassadresses, and great lords; English 'misses' and 'miladis'; and French, and foreigners of all nations who did or did not understand Gascon.

"All this, though startling, was not convincing; Jasmin, the barber, might only be a fashion, a *furore,* a caprice, after all; and it was evident that he knew how to get up a scene well. When we had become nearly tired of looking over these tributes to his genius, the door opened, and the poet himself appeared. His manner was free and unembarrassed, well-bred, and lively; he received our compliments naturally, and like one accustomed to homage; said he was ill, and unfortunately too hoarse to read anything to us, or should have been delighted to do so. He spoke with a broad Gascon accent, and very rapidly and clo-

quently; ran over the story of his success; told us that his grandfather had been a beggar, and all his family very poor; that he was now as rich as he wished to be; his son placed in a good position at Nantes; then showed us his son's picture, and spoke of his disposition; to which his brisk little wife added, that, though no fool, he had not his father's genius, to which truth Jasmin assented as a matter of course. I told him of having seen mention made of him in an English review; which he said had been sent him by Lord Durham, who had paid him a visit; and I then spoke of 'Me cal mouri' as known to me. This was enough to make him forget his hoarseness and every other evil: it would never do for me to imagine that that little song was his best composition; it was merely his first; he must try to read to me a little of 'L'Abuglo,'—a few verses of 'Françouneto.' 'You will be charmed,' said he; 'but if I were well, and you would give me the pleasure of your company for some time, if you were not merely running through Agen, I would kill you with weeping, —I would make you die with distress for my poor Margarido,—my pretty Françouneto!'

"He caught up two copies of his book, from a pile lying on the table, and making us sit close to him, he pointed out the French translation on one side, which he told us to follow while he read in Gascon. He began in a rich, soft voice, and as he advanced, the surprise of Hamlet on hearing the player-king recite the disasters of Hecuba was but a type of ours, to find ourselves carried away by the spell of his enthusiasm. His eyes swam in tears; he became pale and red; he trembled; he recovered himself; his face was now joyous, now exulting, gay, jocose; in fact, he was twenty actors in one; he rang the changes from Rachel to Bouffé; and he finished by delighting us, besides beguiling us of our tears, and overwhelming us with astonishment.

"He would have been a treasure on the stage; for he is still, though his first youth is past, remarkably good-looking and striking; with black, sparkling eyes, of intense expression; a fine, ruddy complexion; a countenance of wondrous mobility; a good figure; and action full of fire and grace; he has handsome hands, which he uses with infinite effect; and, on the whole, he is the best actor of the kind I ever saw. I could now quite understand what a troubadour or *jongleur* might be, and I looked upon Jasmin as a revived specimen of that extinct race. Such as he is might have been Gaucelm Faidit, of Avignon, the friend of Cœur de

Lion, who lamented the death of the hero in such moving strains; such might have been Bernard de Ventadour, who sang the praises of Queen Elinore's beauty; such Geoffrey Rudel, of Blaye, on his own Garonne; such the wild Vidal: certain it is, that none of these troubadours of old could more move, by their singing or reciting, than Jasmin, in whom all their long-smothered fire and traditional magic seems reillumined.

"We found we had stayed hours instead of minutes with the poet; but he would not hear of any apology,—only regretted that his voice was so out of tune, in consequence of a violent cold, under which he was really laboring, and hoped to see us again. He told us our countrywomen of Pau had laden him with kindness and attention, and spoke with such enthusiasm of the beauty of certain 'misses,' that I feared his little wife would feel somewhat piqued; but, on the contrary, she stood by, smiling and happy, and enjoying the stories of his triumphs. I remarked that he had restored the poetry of the troubadours; asked him if he knew their songs; and said he was worthy to stand at their head. 'I am, indeed, a troubadour,' said he, with energy; 'but I am far beyond them all; they were but beginners; they never composed a poem like my Françouneto! there are no poets in France now,—there cannot be; the language does not admit of it; where is the fire, the spirit, the expression, the tenderness, the force of the Gascon? French is but the ladder to reach the first floor of Gascon,—how can you get up to a height except by a ladder!'

. . . . .

"I returned by Agen, after an absence in the Pyrenees of some months, and renewed my acquaintance with Jasmin and his dark-eyed wife. I did not expect that I should be recognized; but the moment I entered the little shop I was hailed as an old friend. 'Ah!' cried Jasmin, 'enfin la voilà encore!' I could not but be flattered by this recollection, but soon found it was less on my own account that I was thus welcomed, than because a circumstance had occurred to the poet which he thought I would perhaps explain. He produced several French newspapers, in which he pointed out to me an article headed 'Jasmin à Londres'; being a translation of certain notices of himself, which had appeared in a leading English literary journal. He had, he said, been informed of the honor done him by numerous friends, and assured me his fame had been much spread by this means; and he was so delighted on the occasion, that he had resolved to learn Eng-

lish, in order that he might judge of the translations from his works, which, he had been told, were well done. I enjoyed his surprise, while I informed him that I knew who was the reviewer and translator; and explained the reason for the verses giving pleasure in an English dress to be the superior simplicity of the English language over Modern French, for which he has a great contempt, as unfitted for lyrical composition. He inquired of me respecting Burns, to whom he had been likened; and begged me to tell him something of Moore. The delight of himself and his wife was amusing, at having discovered a secret which had puzzled them so long.

"He had a thousand things to tell me; in particular, that he had only the day before received a letter from the Duchess of Orleans, informing him that she had ordered a medal of her late husband to be struck, the first of which would be sent to him: she also announced to him the agreeable news of the king having granted him a pension of a thousand francs. He smiled and wept by turns, as he told us all this; and declared, much as he was elated at the possession of a sum which made him a rich man for life, the kindness of the Duchess gratified him even more.

"He then made us sit down while he read us two new poems; both charming, and full of grace and *naïveté;* and one very affecting, being an address to the king, alluding to the death of his son. As he read, his wife stood by, and fearing we did not quite comprehend his language, she make a remark to that effect: to which he answered impatiently, 'Nonsense,—don't you see they are in tears.' This was unanswerable; and we were allowed to hear the poem to the end; and I certainly never listened to anything more feelingly and energetically delivered.

"We had much conversation, for he was anxious to detain us, and, in the course of it, he told me he had been by some accused of vanity. 'O,' he rejoined, 'what would you have! I am a child of nature, and cannot conceal my feelings; the only difference between me and a man of refinement is, that he knows how to conceal his vanity and exultation at success, which I let everybody see.' "—*Béarn and the Pyrenees,* I. 369, *et seq.*

Page 168. *A Christmas Carol.*

The following description of Christmas in Burgundy is from M. Fertiault's *Coup d'Œil sur les Noels en Bourgogne,* prefixed to the Paris edition of *Les Noels Bourguignons de Bernard de la Monnoye (Gui Barôzai),* 1842.

"Every year at the approach of Advent, people refresh their memories, clear their throats, and begin preluding, in the long evenings by the fireside, those carols whose invariable and eternal theme is the coming of the Messiah. They take from old closets pamphlets, little collections begrimed with dust and smoke, to which the press, and sometimes the pen, has consigned these songs; and as soon as the first Sunday of Advent sounds, they gossip, they gad about, they sit together by the fireside, sometimes at one house, sometimes at another, taking turns in paying for the chestnuts and white wine, but singing with one common voice the grotesque praises of the *Little Jesus.* There are very few villages even, which, during all the evenings of Advent, do not hear some of these curious canticles shouted in their streets, to the nasal drone of bagpipes. In this case the minstrel comes as a reinforcement to the singers at the fireside; he brings and adds his dose of joy (spontaneous or mercenary, it matters little which) to the joy which breathes around the hearth-stone; and when the voices vibrate and resound, one voice more is always welcome. There, it is not the purity of the notes which makes the concert, but the quantity,—*non qualitas, sed quantitas;* then, (to finish at once with the minstrel,) when the Saviour has at length been born in the manger, and the beautiful Christmas Eve is passed, the rustic piper makes his round among the houses, where every one compliments and thanks him, and, moreover, gives him in small coin the price of the shrill notes with which he has enlivened the evening entertainments.

"More or less until Christmas Eve, all goes on in this way among our devout singers, with the difference of some gallons of wine or some hundreds of chestnuts. But this famous eve once come, the scale is pitched upon a higher key; the closing evening must be a memorable once. The toilet is begun at nightfall; then comes the hour of supper, admonishing divers appetites; and groups, as numerous as possible, are formed to take together this comfortable evening repast. The supper finished, a circle gathers around the hearth, which is arranged and set in order this evening after a particular fashion, and which at a later hour of the night is to become the object of special interest to the children. On the burning brands an enormous log has been placed. This log assuredly does not change its nature, but it changes its name during the evening: it is called the *Suche* (the Yule-log). 'Look you,' say they to the children, 'if you are good this evening, Noel' (for with children one must always personify)

'will rain down sugar-plums in the night.' And the children sit demurely, keeping as quiet as their turbulent little natures will permit. The groups of older persons, not always as orderly as the children, seize this good opportunity to surrender themselves with merry hearts and boisterous voices to the chanted worship of the miraculous Noel. For this final solemnity, they have kept the most powerful, the most enthusiastic, the most electrifying carols. Noel! Noel! Noel! This magic word resounds on all sides; it seasons every sauce, it is served up with every course. Of the thousands of canticles which are heard on this famous eve, ninety-nine in a hundred begin and end with this word; which is, one may say, their Alpha and Omega, their crown and footstool. This last evening, the merry-making is prolonged. Instead of retiring at ten or eleven o'clock, as is generally done on all the preceding evenings, they wait for the stroke of midnight: this word sufficiently proclaims to what ceremony they are going to repair. For ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, the bells have been calling the faithful with a triple-bob-major; and each one, furnished with a little taper streaked with various colors, (the Christmas Candle,) goes through the crowded streets, where the lanterns are dancing like Will-o'-the-Wisps, at the impatient summons of the multitudinous chimes. It is the Midnight Mass. Once inside the church, they hear with more or less piety the Mass, emblematic of the coming of the Messiah. Then in tumult and great haste they return homeward, always in numerous groups; they salute the Yule-log; they pay homage to the hearth; they sit down at table; and, amid songs which reverberate louder than ever, make this meal of after-Christmas, so long looked for, so cherished, so joyous, so noisy, and which it has been thought fit to call, we hardly know why, *Rossignon*. The supper eaten at nightfall is no impediment, as you may imagine, to the appetite's returning; above all, if the going to and from church has made the devout eaters feel some little shafts of the sharp and biting north-wind. *Rossignon* then goes on merrily,—sometimes far into the morning hours; but, nevertheless, gradually throats grow hoarse, stomachs are filled, the Yule-log burns out, and at last the hour arrives when each one, as best he may, regains his domicile and his bed, and puts with himself between the sheets the material for a good sore-throat, or a good indigestion, for the morrow. Previous to this, care has been taken to place in the slippers, or wooden shoes of the children, the sugar-

plums, which shall be for them, on their waking, the welcome fruits of the Christmas log."

In the Glossary, the *Suche,* or Yule-log, is thus defined:—

"This is a huge log, which is placed on the fire on Christmas Eve, and which in Burgundy is called, on this account, *lai Suche de Noei.* Then the father of the family, particularly among the middle classes, sings solemnly Christmas carols with his wife and children, the smallest of whom he sends into the corner to pray that the Yule-log may bear him some sugar plums. Meanwhile, little parcels of them are placed under each end of the log, and the children come and pick them up, believing, in good faith, that the great log has borne them."

Page 205. *The Skeleton in Armor.*

This Ballad was suggested to me while riding on the sea-shore at Newport. A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armor; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the Old Windmill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors. Professor Rafn, in the *Mémoires de la Société Royale des Antiquaires du Nord,* for 1838–1839, says:—

"There is no mistaking in this instance the style in which the more ancient stone edifices of the North were constructed,—the style which belongs to the Roman or Ante-Gothic architecture, and which, especially after the time of Charlemagne, diffused itself from Italy over the whole of the West and North of Europe, where it continued to predominate until the close of the twelfth century,—that style which some authors have, from one of its most striking characteristics, called the round arch style, the same which in England is denominated Saxon and sometimes Norman architecture.

"On the ancient structure in Newport there are no ornaments remaining, which might possibly have served to guide us in assigning the probable date of its erection. That no vestige whatever is found of the pointed arch, nor any approximation to it, is indicative of an earlier rather than of a later period. From such characteristics as remain, however, we can scarcely form any other inference than one, in which I am persuaded that all who are familiar with Old-Northern architecture will concur, THAT THIS BUILDING WAS ERECTED AT A PERIOD DECIDEDLY NOT LATER THAN THE TWELFTH CENTURY. This remark applies, of course, to the

original building only, and not to the alterations that it subsequently received; for there are several such alterations in the upper part of the building which cannot be mistaken, and which were most likely occasioned by its being adapted in modern times to various uses; for example, as the substructure of a windmill, and latterly as a hay magazine. To the same times may be referred the windows, the fireplace, and the apertures made above the columns. That this building could not have been erected for a windmill, is what an architect will easily discern."

I will not enter into a discussion of the point. It is sufficiently well established for the purpose of a ballad; though doubtless many a citizen of Newport, who has passed his days within sight of the Round Tower, will be ready to exclaim, with Sancho: "God bless me! did I not warn you to have a care of what you were doing, for that it was nothing but a windmill; and nobody could mistake it, but one who had the like in his head."

Page 211. *Skoal!*

In Scandinavia, this is the customary salutation when drinking a health. I have slightly changed the orthography of the word, in order to preserve the correct pronunciation.

Page 280. *As Lope says.*

"La cölera
de un Español sentado no se templa,
sino le representan en dos horas
hasta el final juicio desde el Génesis."
Lope de Vega.

Page 285. *Abernuncio Satanas.*

"Digo, Señora, respondiö Sancho, lo que tengo dicho, que de los azotes abernuncio. Abrenuncio, habeis de decir, Sancho, y no como decis, dijo el Duque."—*Don Quixote,* Part II. ch. 35.

Page 304. *Fray Carrillo.*

The allusion here is to a Spanish Epigram.

"Siempre Fray Carrillo estás
cansándonos acá fuera;
quien en tu celda estuviera
para no verte jamas!"
Böhl de Faber. Floresta, No. 611.

Page 304. *Padre Francisco.*

This is from an Italian popular song.

> " 'Padre Francesco,
> Padre Francesco!'
> —Cosa volete del Padre Francesco?—
> 'V' è una bella ragazzina
> Che si vuole confessar!'
> Fatte l' entrare, fatte l' entrare!
> Che la voglio confessare."
>
> *Kopisch. Volksthümliche Poesien aus allen Mundarten Italiens und seiner Inseln,* p. 194.

Page 307. *Ave! cujus calcem clare.*

From a monkish hymn of the twelfth century, in Sir Alexander Croke's *Essay on the Origin, Progress, and Decline of Rhyming Latin Verse,* p. 109.

Page 319. *The gold of the Busné.*

Busné is the name given by the Gypsies to all who are not of their race.

Page 321. *Count of the Calés.*

The Gypsies call themselves Calés. See Borrow's valuable and extremely interesting work, *The Zincali; or an Account of the Gypsies in Spain.* London, 1841.

Page 327. *Asks if his money-bags would rise.*

"¿ Y voliéndome á un lado, ví á un Avariento, que estaba preguntando á otro, (que por haber sido embalsamado, y estar léxos sus tripas no hablaba, porque no habian llegado si habian de resucitar aquel dia todos los enterrados) si resucitarian unos bolsones suyos?"—*El Sueño de las Calaveras.*

Page 328. *And amen! said my Cid the Campeador.*

A line from the ancient *Poema del Cid.*

> "Amen, dixo Mio Cid el Campeador."
>
> Line 3044.

329. *The river of his thoughts.*

This expression is from Dante;

"Si che chiaro
Per essa scenda della mente il fiume."

Byron has likewise used the expression; though I do not recollect in which of his poems.

Page 331. *Mari Franca.*

A common Spanish proverb, used to turn aside a question one does not wish to answer;

"Porque casó Mari Franca
quatro leguas de Salamanca."

Page 333. *Ay, soft, emerald eyes.*

The Spaniards, with good reason, consider this color of the eye as beautiful, and celebrate it in song; as, for example, in the well-known *Villancico:*

"Ay ojuelos verdes,
ay los mis ojuelos,
ay hagan los cielos
que de mí te acuerdes!
. . . .
Tengo confianza
de mis verdes ojos."
Böhl de Faber. Floresta, No. 255.

Dante speaks of Beatrice's eyes as emeralds. *Purgatorio,* xxxi. 116. Lami says, in his *Annotazioni,* "Erano i suoi occhi d' un turchino verdíccio, simile a quel del mare."

Page 335. *The Avenging Child.*

See the ancient Ballads of *El Infante Vengador,* and *Calaynos.*

Page 336. *All are sleeping.*

From the Spanish. *Böhl de Faber. Floresta,* No. 282.

Page 359. *Good night.*

From the Spanish; as are likewise the songs immediately following, and that which commences the first scene of Act III.

Page 386. *The evil eye.*

"In the Gitano language, casting the evil eye is called *Querelar nasula,* which simply means making sick, and which, according to the common superstition, is accomplished by casting an evil look at people, especially children, who, from the tenderness of their constitution, are supposed to be more easily blighted than those of a more mature age. After receiving the evil glance, they fall sick, and die in a few hours.

"The Spaniards have very little to say respecting the evil eye, though the belief in it is very prevalent, especially in Andalusia, amongst the lower orders. A stag's horn is considered a good safeguard, and on that account a small horn, tipped with silver, is frequently attached to the children's necks by means of a cord braided from the hair of a black mare's tail. Should the evil glance be cast, it is imagined that the horn receives it, and instantly snaps asunder. Such horns may be purchased in some of the silversmith's shops at Seville."—Borrow's *Zincali,* Vol. I. ch. ix.

Page 387. *On the top of a mountain I stand.*

This and the following scraps of song are from Borrow's *Zincali; or an Account of the Gypsies in Spain.*

The Gypsy words in the same scene may be thus interpreted:—

John-Dorados, pieces of gold.
Pigeon, a simpleton.
In your morocco, stripped.
Doves, sheets.
Moon, a shirt.
Chirelin, a thief.
Murcigalleros, those who steal at nightfall.
Rastilleros, footpads.
Hermit, highway-robber.
Planets, candles.
Commandments, the fingers.
Saint Martin asleep, to rob a person asleep.

Lanterns, eyes.
Goblin, police officer.
Papagayo, a spy.
Vineyards and Dancing John, to take flight.

Page 404. *If thou art sleeping, maiden.*

From the Spanish; as is likewise the song of the Contrabandista on page 406.